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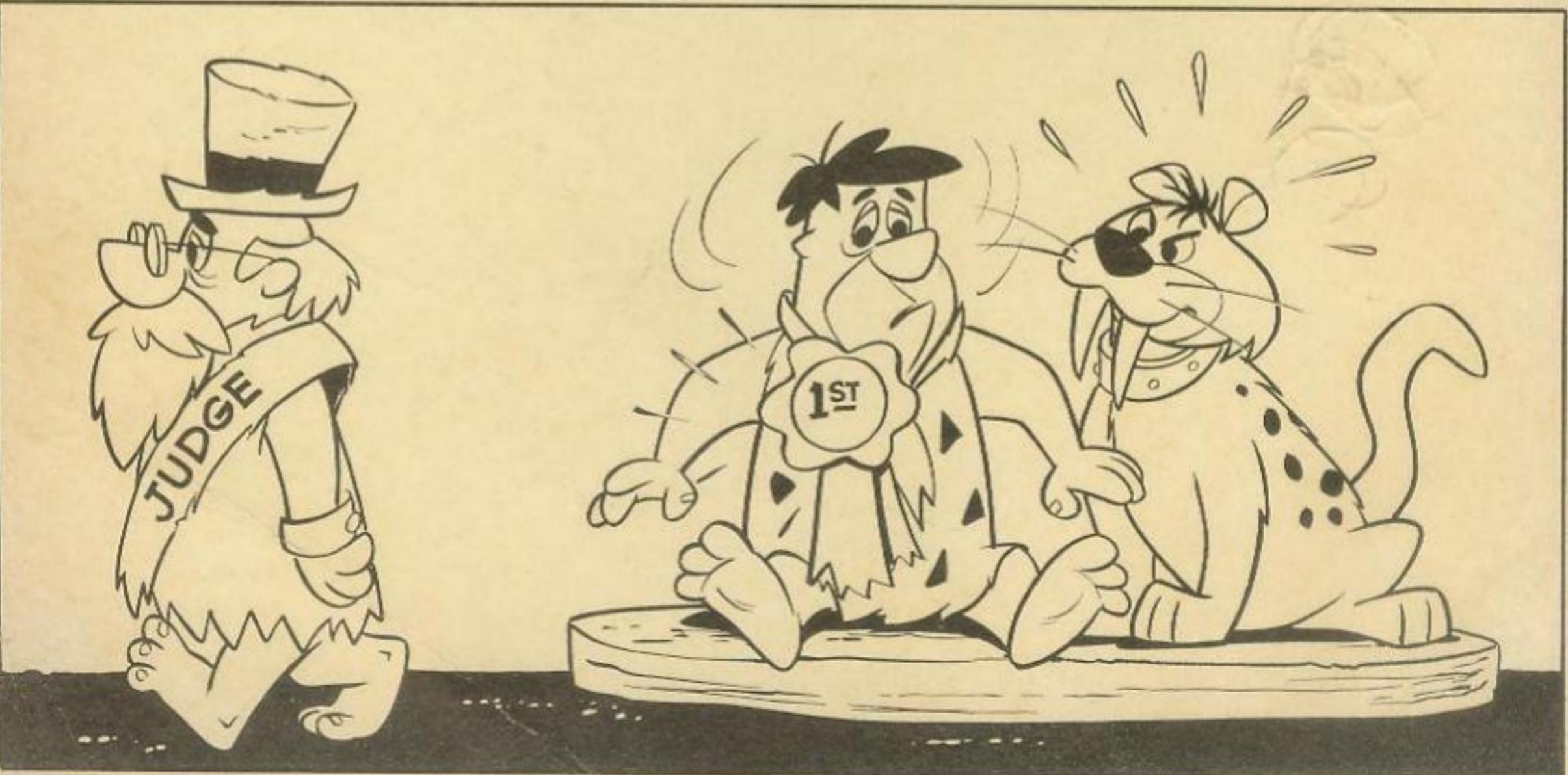
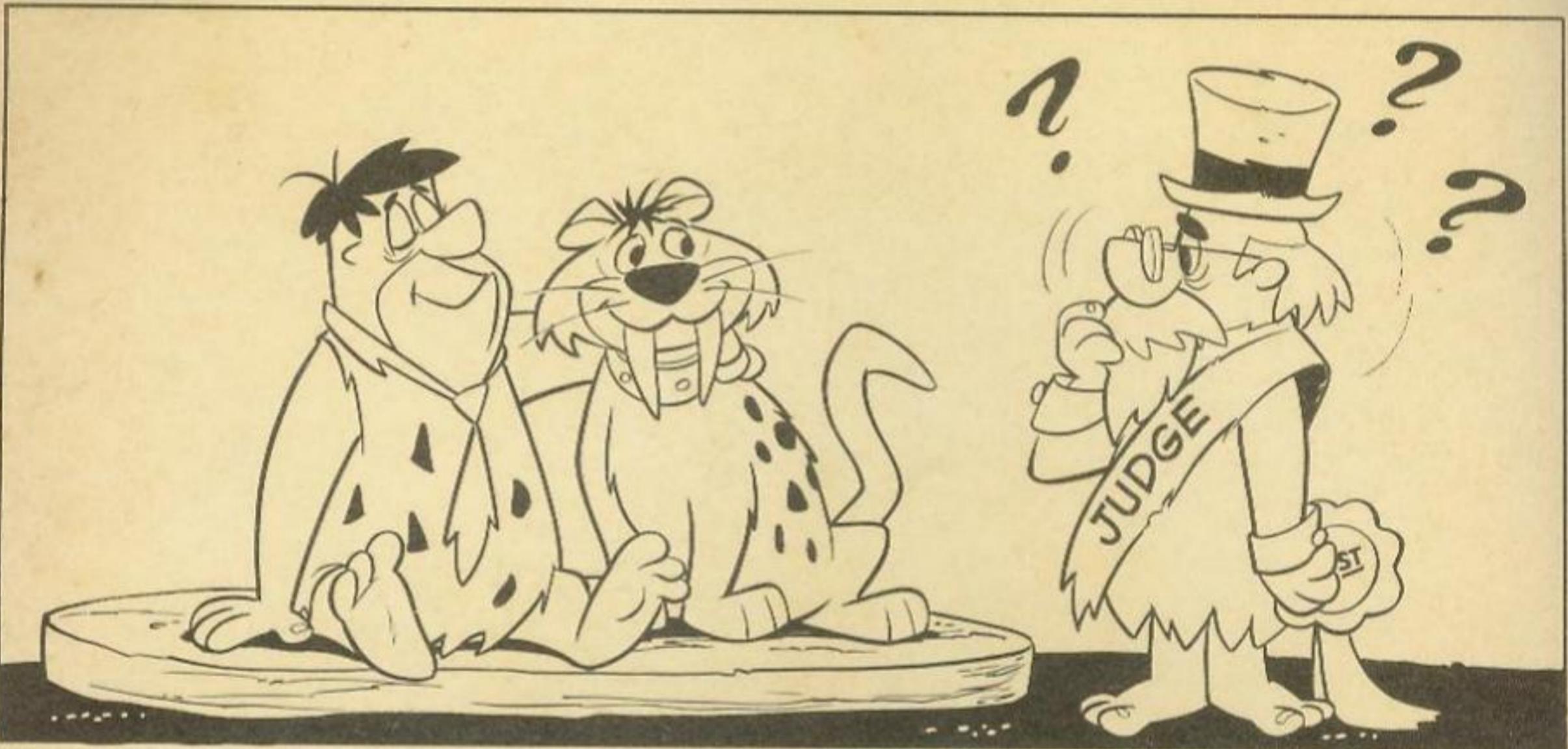
APRIL

HANNA AND BARBERA'S

THE FLINTSTONES



THE
FLINTSTONES
SURPRISE WINNER



THE FLINTSTONES

BIG BUSINESS BOO BOO

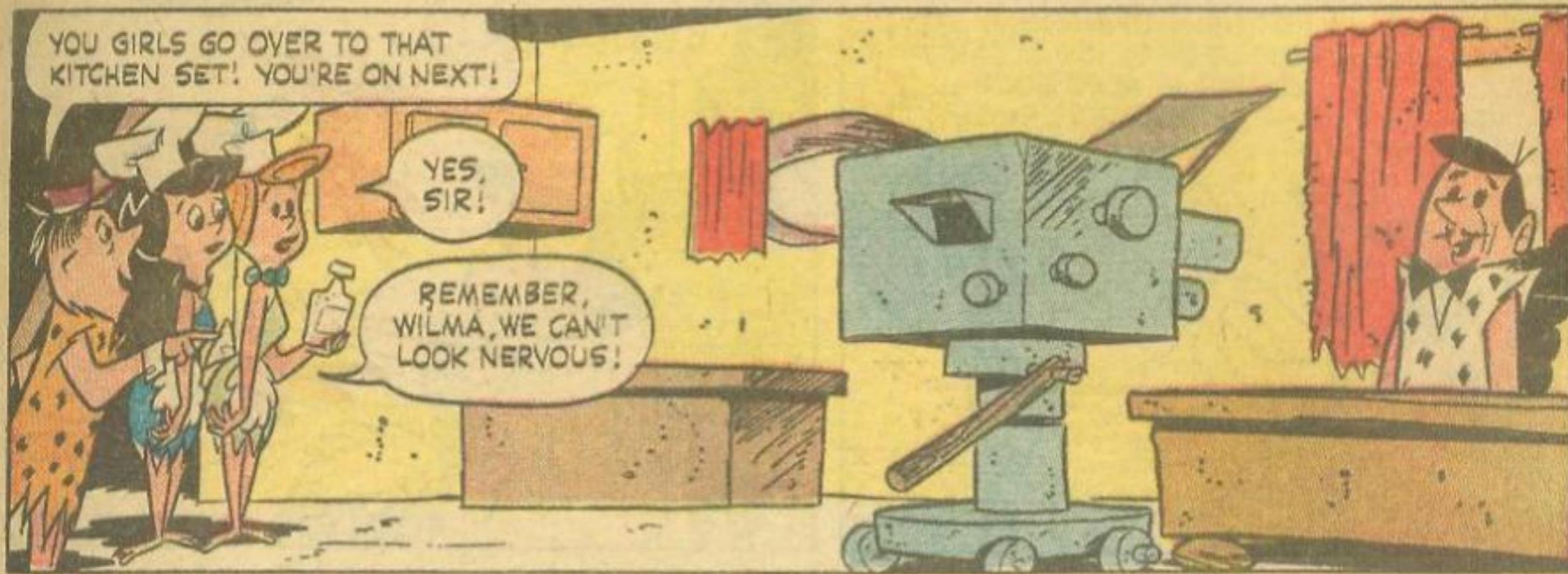


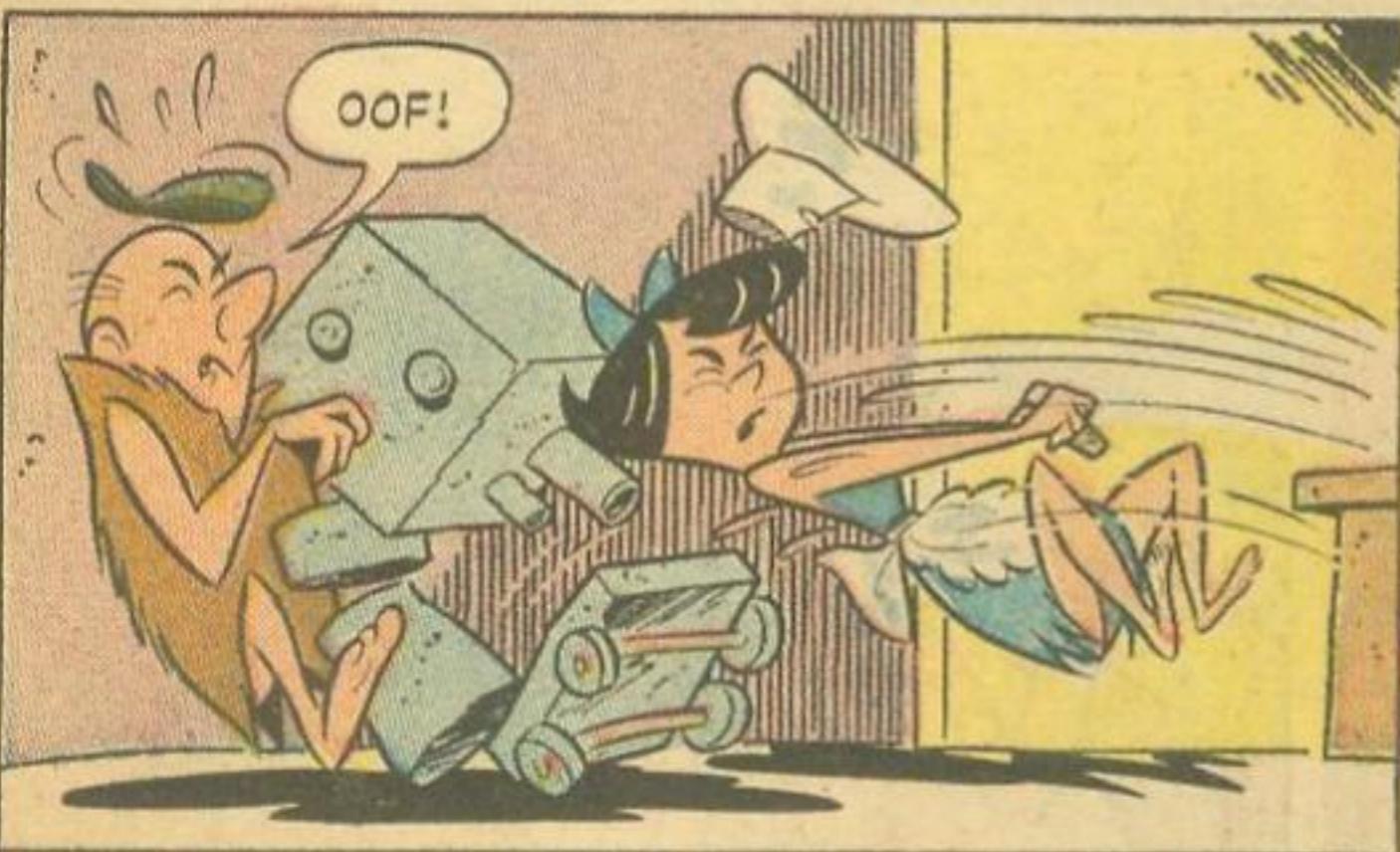
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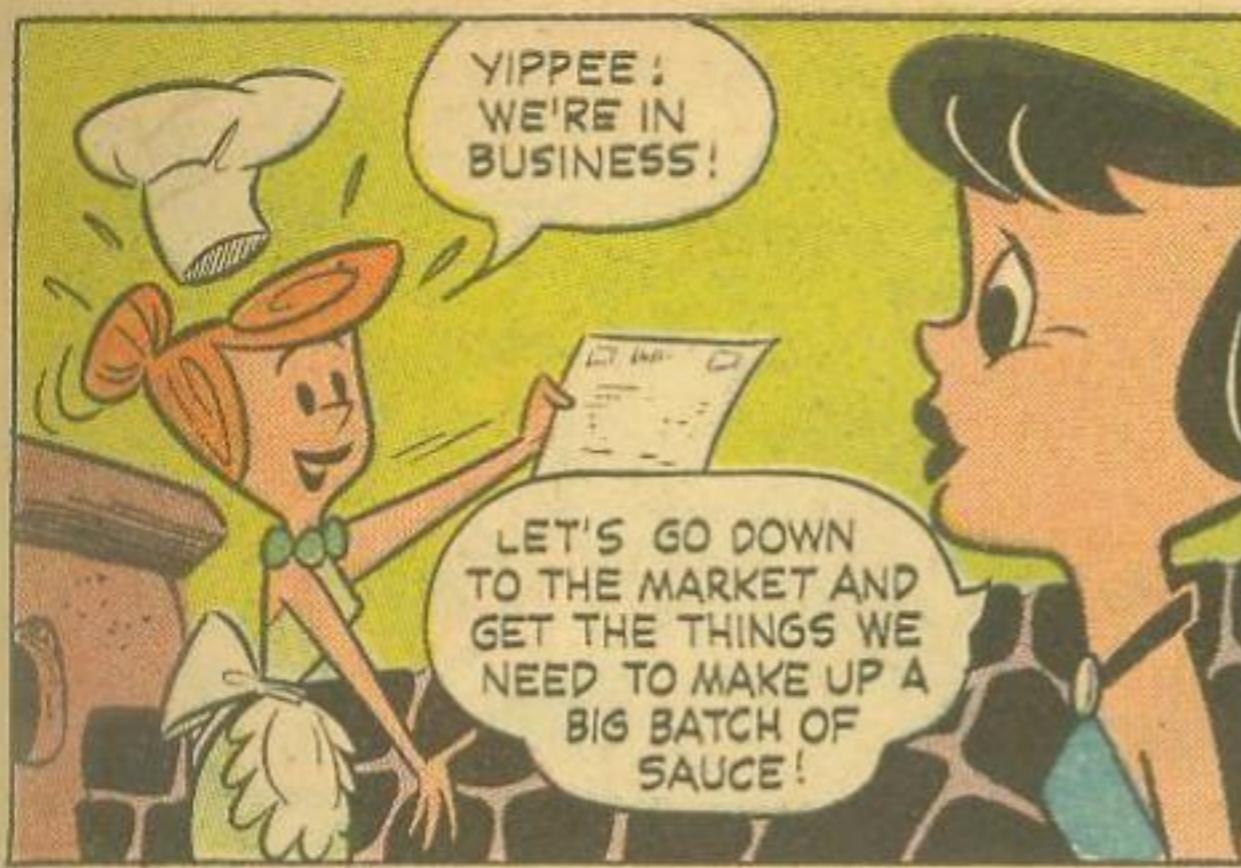
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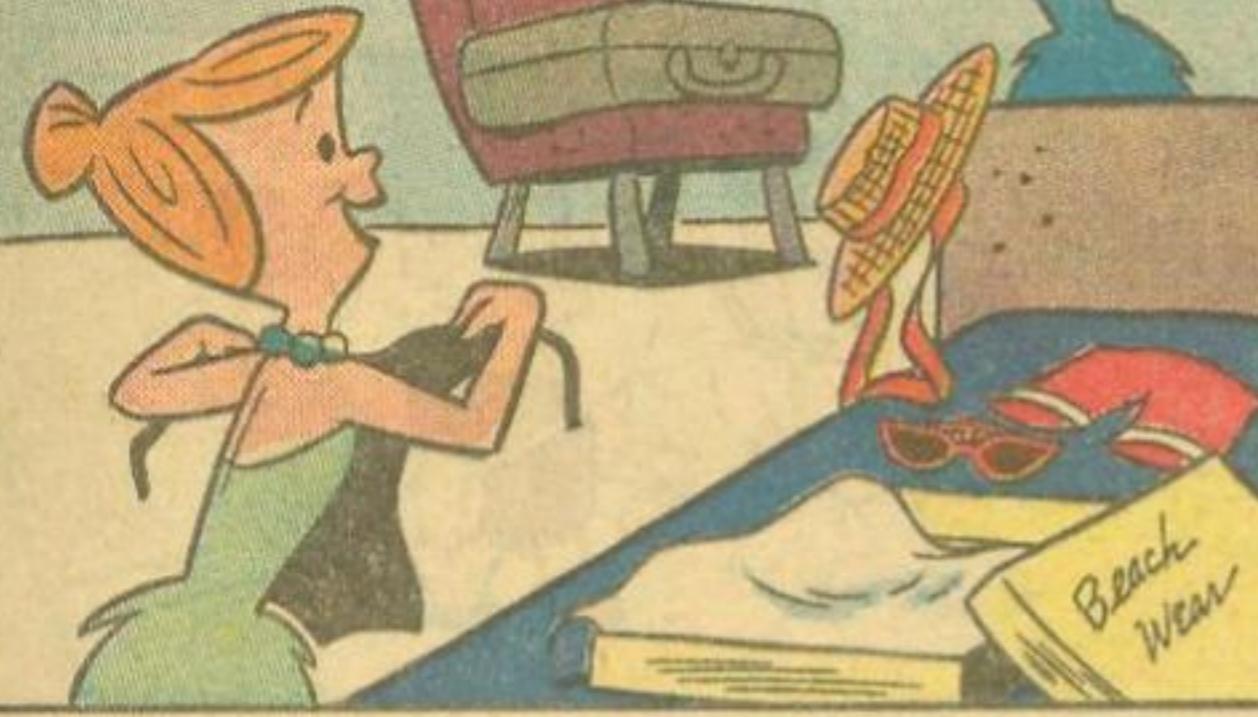


THE
FLINTSTONES

ROUGHING IT

JUST IMAGINE, BETTY!
TWO WHOLE WEEKS AT THE
PLUSH-DINOSAUR HOTEL!

I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW WE
PERSUADED FRED AND BARNEY
TO GIVE UP THAT CAMPING TRIP
AND TAKE US TO CRO-MAGNON
BEACH FOR OUR VACATION!



HERE ARE FRED AND BARNEY NOW, AND
FROM THE PACKAGES, THEY MUST HAVE
BOUGHT AN AWFUL LOT OF VACATION
CLOTHES!

OH, DEAR! I HOPE
FRED DIDN'T GO
OVERBOARD ON LOUD
SPORT SHIRTS!



THE CRO-MAGNON BEACH TRIP IS
DEFINITELY OUT! WE'RE GOING
CAMPING LIKE I WANTED TO IN
THE FIRST PLACE!

WE STOPPED AT
THE ROCKHEAD
SPORTING GOODS
STORE AND I GUESS
WE GOT CARRIED
AWAY!

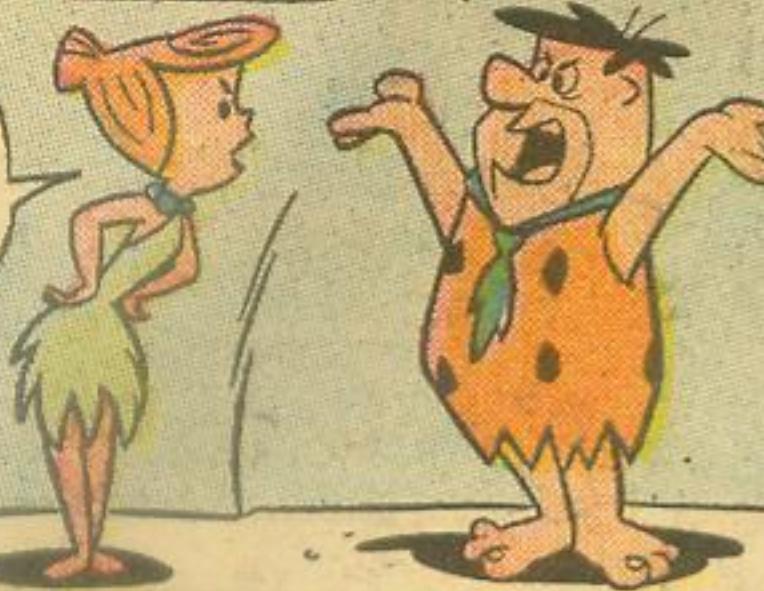
BUT, FRED! YOU
AGREED TO FORGET THAT
SILLY CAMPING OUT
IDEA!

AND
WHAT'S SILLY
ABOUT IT?



WE ARE GETTING TO BE A BUNCH OF SOFTIES WITH ALL THESE LUSH VACATIONS! WE GOTTA LEARN TO LIVE OFF THE LAND AND BATTLE THE ELEMENTS LIKE OUR GRANDFATHERS DID!

OH, YOU COULDN'T BATTLE YOUR WAY OUT OF A BUTTERFLY NET!



OH, YEAH? WE'LL FIND THAT OUT ON THIS CAMPING TRIP!

BETTY AND I AREN'T GOING ON ANY CAMPING TRIP UNTIL YOU AND BARNEY PROVE YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT LIVING IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS!

RIGHT!



NOW TAKE ALL THIS STUFF OUT IN THE VACANT LOT, AND IF YOU CAN BATTLE THE ELEMENTS FOR JUST ONE NIGHT WITHOUT COMING IN THE HOUSE, WE'LL GO CAMPING WITH YOU!

AND IF NOT, WE GO TO CRO-MAGNON BEACH LIKE WE PLANNED!

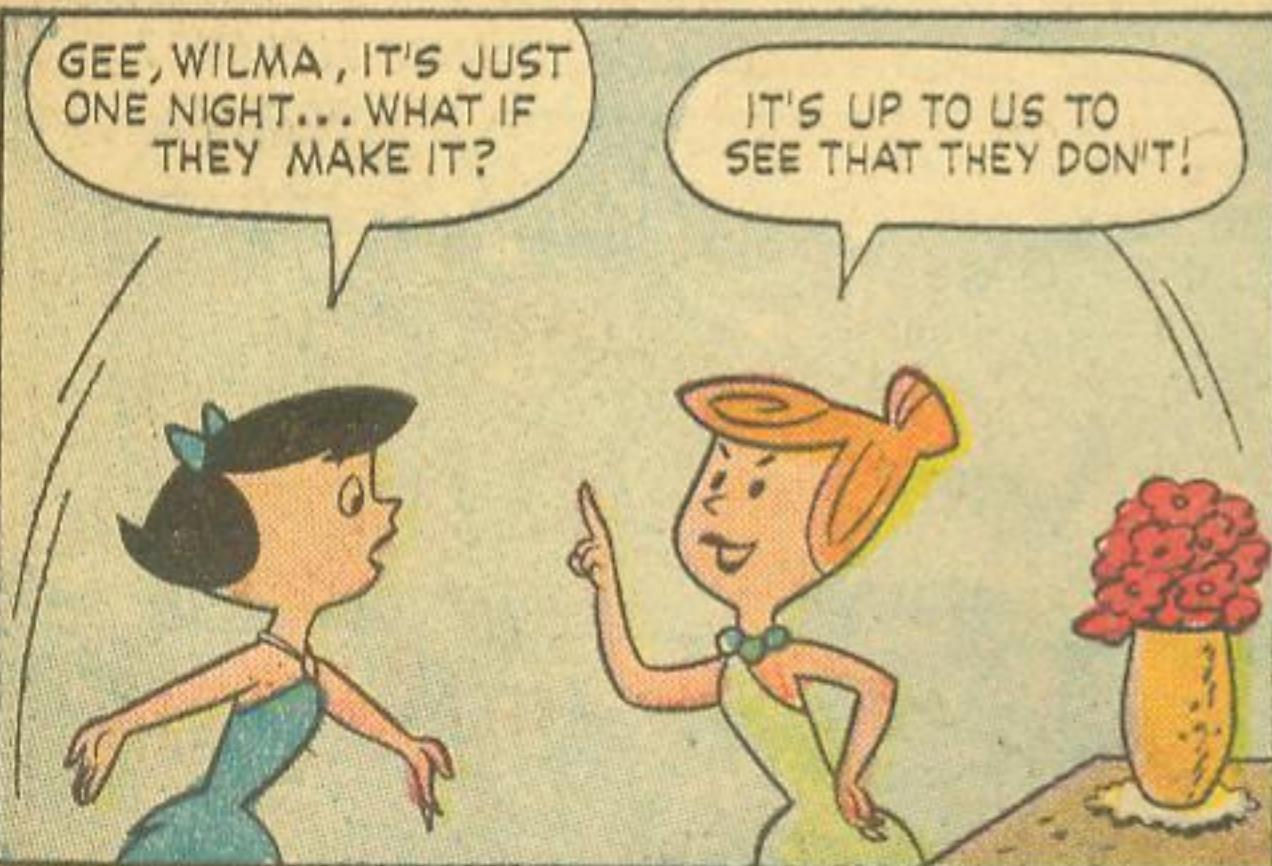
OH, BOY! THIS IS A LEAD PIPE CINCH! COME ON, BARNEY BOY!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, FRED!



GEE, WILMA, IT'S JUST ONE NIGHT... WHAT IF THEY MAKE IT?

IT'S UP TO US TO SEE THAT THEY DON'T!



FIRST, I THINK A LITTLE RAIN WILL DAMPEN THEIR SPIRITS!

BUT, WILMA, THE PAPER DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT RAIN!



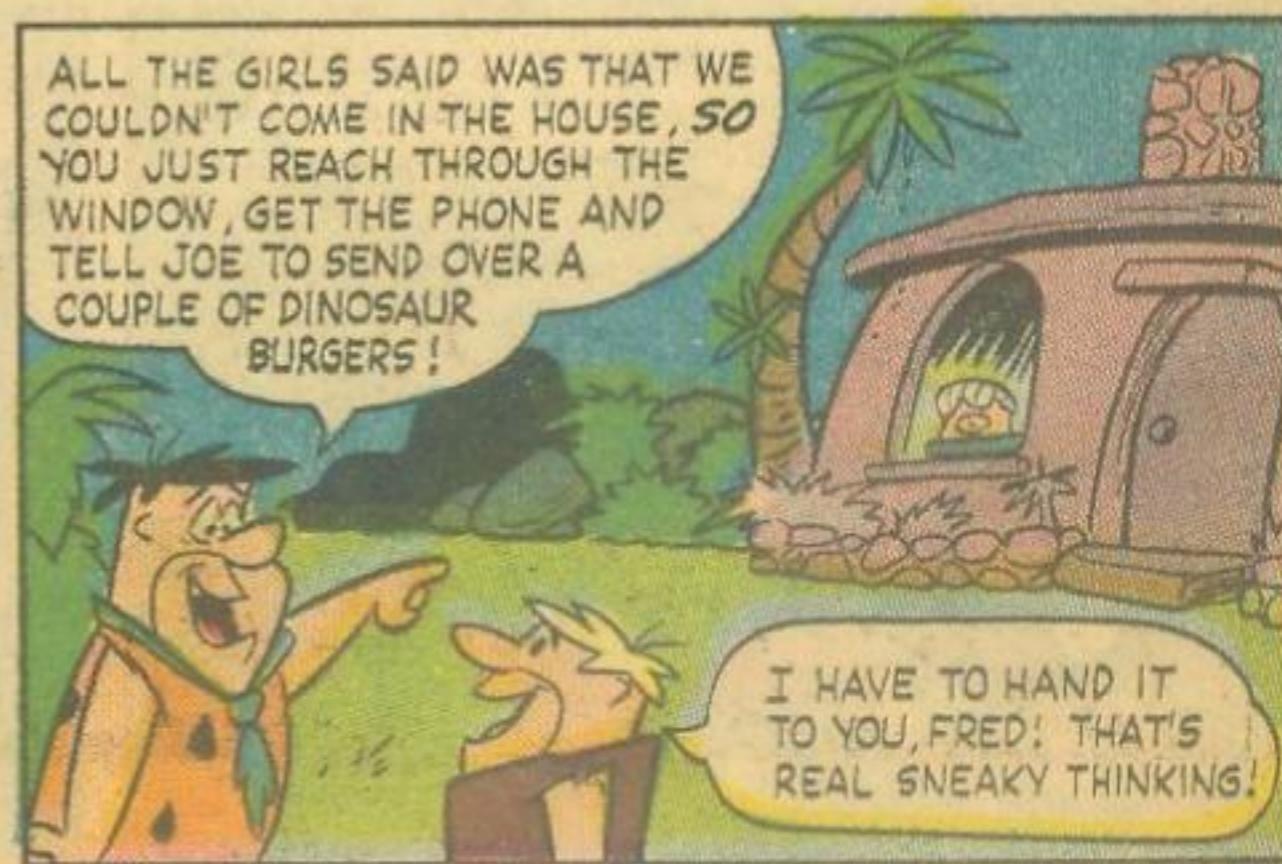
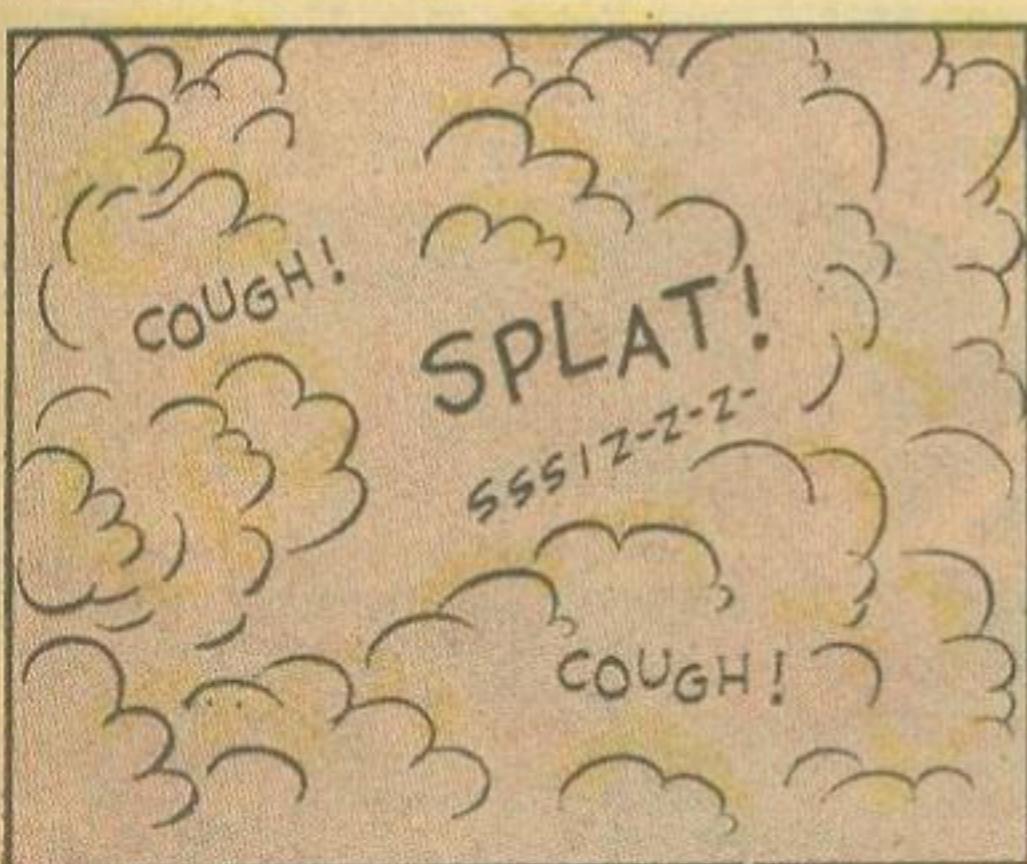
OH, I THINK WE CAN PREDICT A SHOWER! WE'LL JUST BRING THE LAWN SPRINKLER OVER BEHIND THIS BUSH!

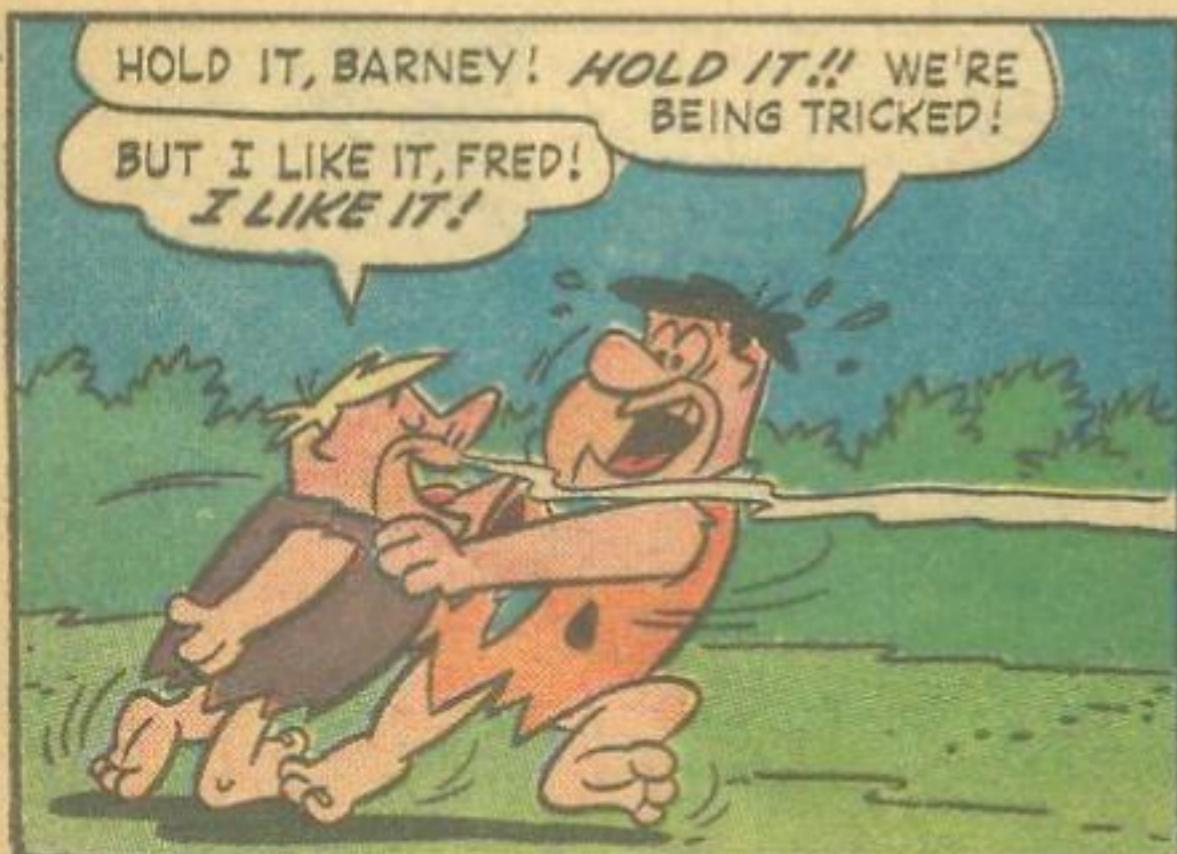
TEE, HEE! I GET YOU, WILMA!

NOW FIRST THING, BARNEY, WE GOTTA GET THE TENT UP!

RIGHT, FRED! I'LL DRIVE THE STAKES!









the GHOST OF SUNSET CLIFFS



Sandy and Sally Stone were shocked when they came home from school and found Great-aunt Elvira Gravel moaning on the sofa.

"Are you sick?" Sandy asked.

"Does something hurt?" Sally ventured. Great-aunt Elvira moaned louder.

"Indeed something does," she said. "My pocketbook hurts, that's what!"

Sally and Sandy stared. They knew that Great-aunt Elvira's pocketbook was a most precious part of her being, but they had not realized that it ever felt pain.

"That wretch of a real estate agent has ruined me," Great-aunt Elvira explained. "He got me to sign a five-year lease on one of the new caves at Sunset Cliffs. I paid in advance. Now I can't live there!"

"Why not?" Sandy said practically.

"It's haunted!" Great-aunt Elvira announced. "A terrible, tortured spirit—an invisible thing makes strange noises in the night. I can't stand it! That man had no right to rent a haunted cave."

Leaving their aunt to her lamentations, Sandy and Sally quietly stole out.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" Sandy asked.

"N... No. But I believe in Great-aunt Elvira. She doesn't make things up."

Sandy nodded. "I believe in her, too. Let's ghostbreak her cave. You with me?"

Timidly, Sally agreed.

"We'll need a quart of milk," Sandy said. "I'll get it."

In moments, the kids were hurrying toward the new real estate development on Sunset Cliffs. It all looked peaceful and ordinary enough when they reached Great-aunt Elvira's cave. Geraniums lined the walk. Neat shutters framed the windows. Inside, all was in order. Nevertheless, Sally found herself suddenly shivering.

The kids searched the cave. Nothing there! Then Sandy poured some milk into a dish and set it on the floor. He closed the shutters. The room was plunged in gloom.

"Now we'll wait," Sandy whispered softly.

"Why milk?" Sally questioned. "Ghosts don't drink milk."

"Maybe this one does," Sandy replied.

The kids waited. Time passed. The room grew darker as the sun went down. It was almost night when they heard it—a faint, spine-chilling, throaty sound!

Sally clutched at Sandy's hand and found it hot and damp. "Shh!" Sandy hissed.

A few more minutes passed. There was another sound—a scrabbling near the fireplace. Before the kids' startled eyes a dim form materialized and made its cautious way across the room to the milk.

"Aha!" Sandy cried and struck a light.

"Oh no!" Sally laughed out loud.

Great-aunt Elvira laughed, too, when the kids took the "ghost" home and showed it to her. She was a little embarrassed, but she laughed.

"A baby tiger cat," she exclaimed. "And I thought it was a haunt."

"It's been living in your chimney the whole time," Sandy explained. "It probably crawled out the top of the chimney at night to hunt. We lured it into the apartment with some milk."

"But Sandy—how did you guess?"

"It figures," he said. "Practically no cave is brand-new—and with the housing shortage, something or somebody has been living in almost every hole in any hill. The real estate man evicted the cat family to make room for you—but he missed one member."

Great-aunt Elvira picked up the kitten and started out the door.

"What are you going to do with the cat?" Sally asked. "Give it to the zoo?"

"I'm taking it home. I'll take care of the poor little thing. After all, it was in the apartment before I was!"

So, back straight, head high, Great-aunt Elvira marched off with the little ghost of Sunset Cliffs nestled cozily in her arms.

PERRY GUNNITE

A CASE OF TROUBLE

MR. GUNNITE, I NEED YOUR HELP! SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TRYING TO STEAL TINY, MY PET!

SORRY, MA'AM! I DON'T HANDLE ANIMAL CASES! TRY THE CITY POUND!

OH, BUT YOU MUST HELP ME AND TINY! I KNOW YOU'LL FALL IN LOVE WITH HIM THE MINUTE YOU SEE HIM!

YOO-HOO... TINY!

ISN'T HE CUTE?

YIPE!

CRASH!

GOODNESS, HE TOOK A LIKING TO YOU RIGHT AWAY! HE DOESN'T USUALLY DO THAT!

GOOD FOR ME! ECHHH!

SLURP!

BUT, THE ANSWER IS STILL NO! I DISLIKE PETS... ESPECIALLY DINOSAURS!

(SIGH!) I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY THOUSAND DOLLAR REWARD SOMEWHERE ELSE, THEN!

A THOUSAND DOLLARS?

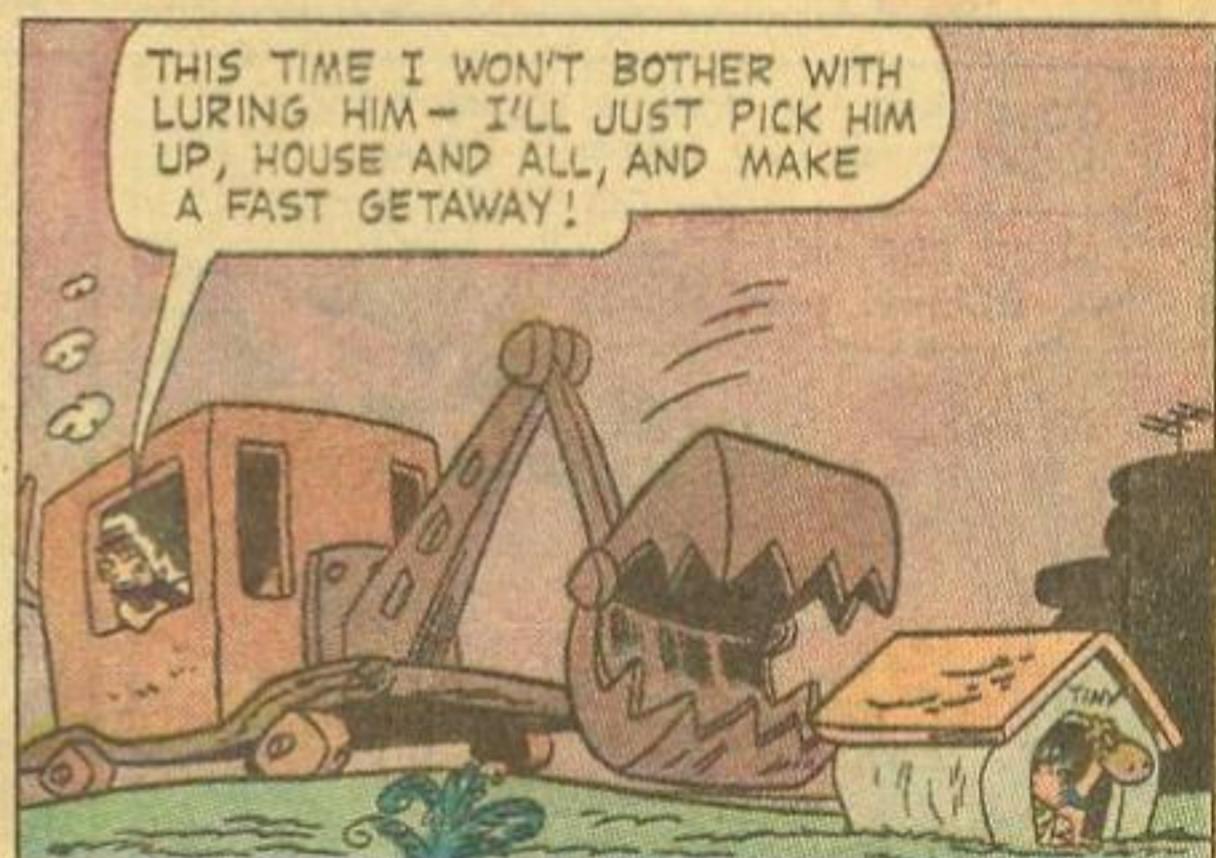
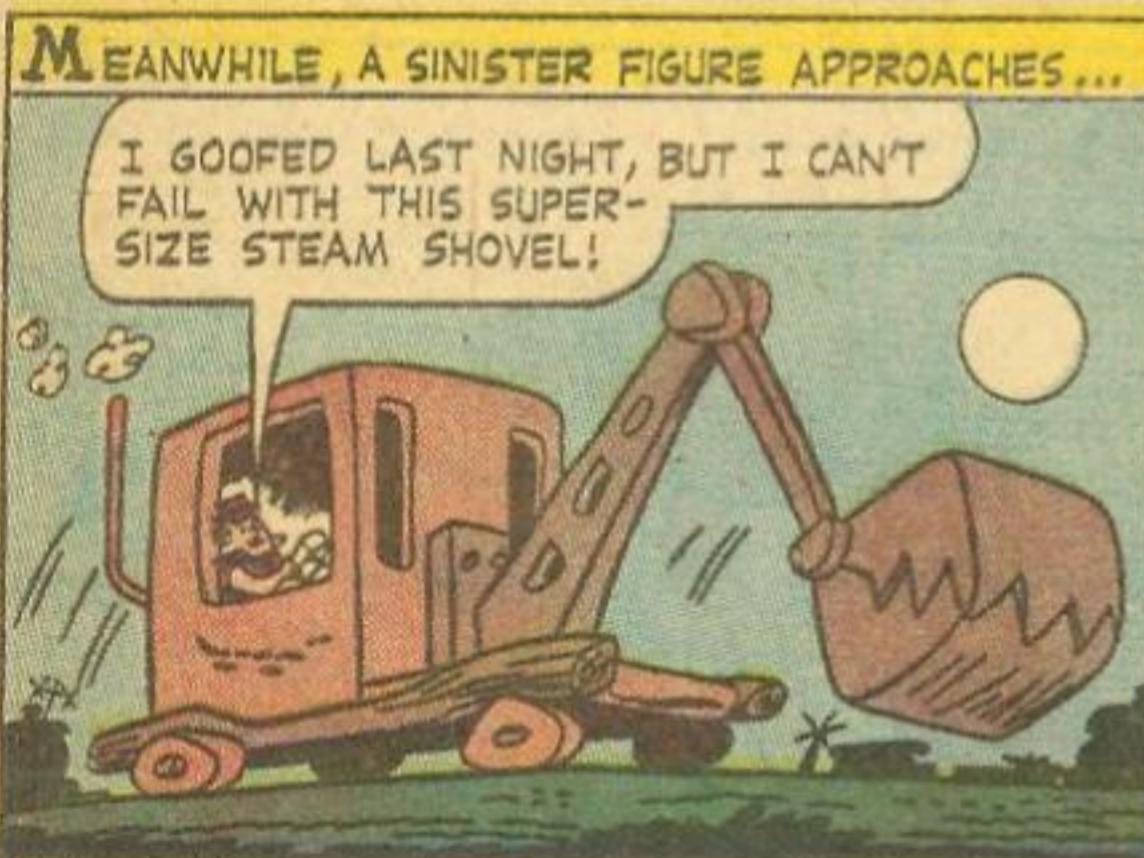
NICE BOY! GOOD TINY! HEH, HEH! I ALWAYS SAID THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A PET DINOSAUR!

PAT!

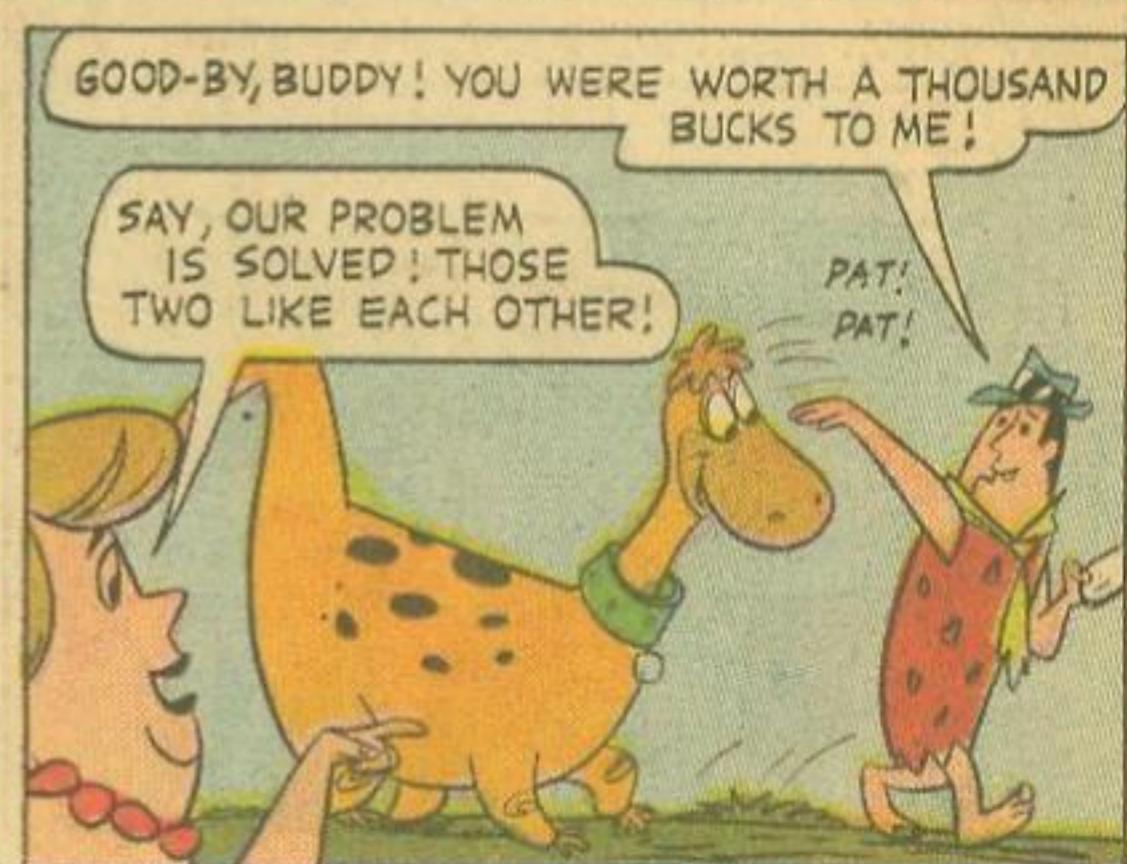
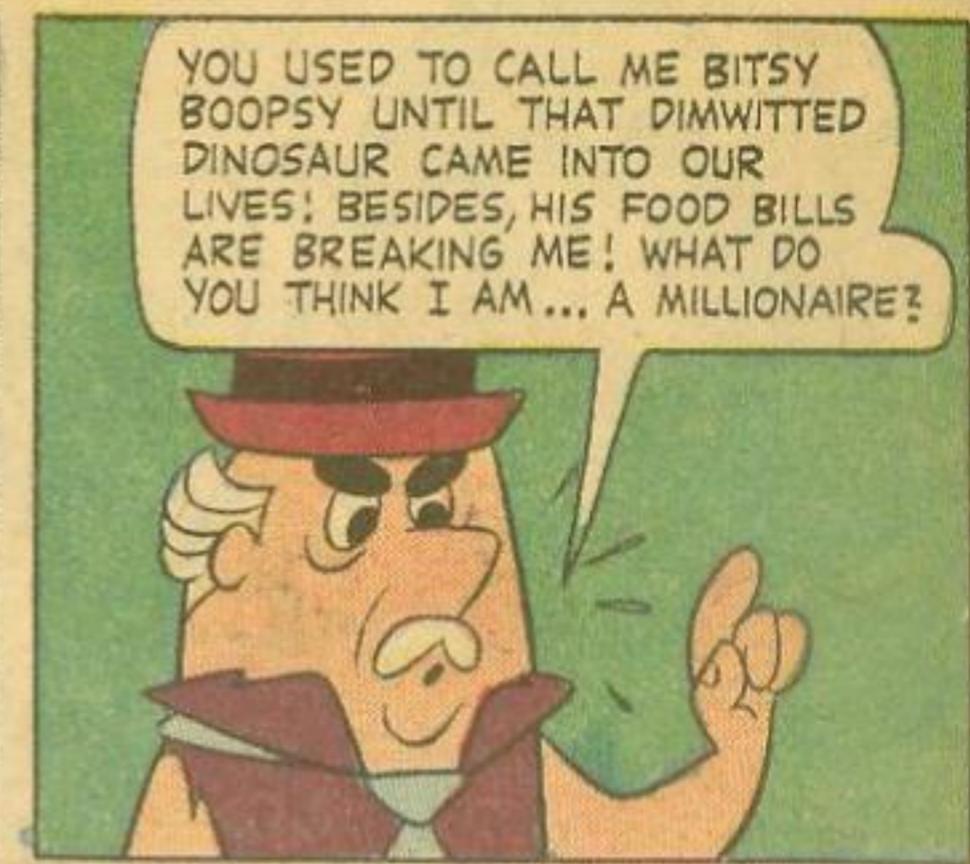
PAT!

I'LL TAKE THE CASE, MA'AM! NOW, WHAT ARE THE FACTS?

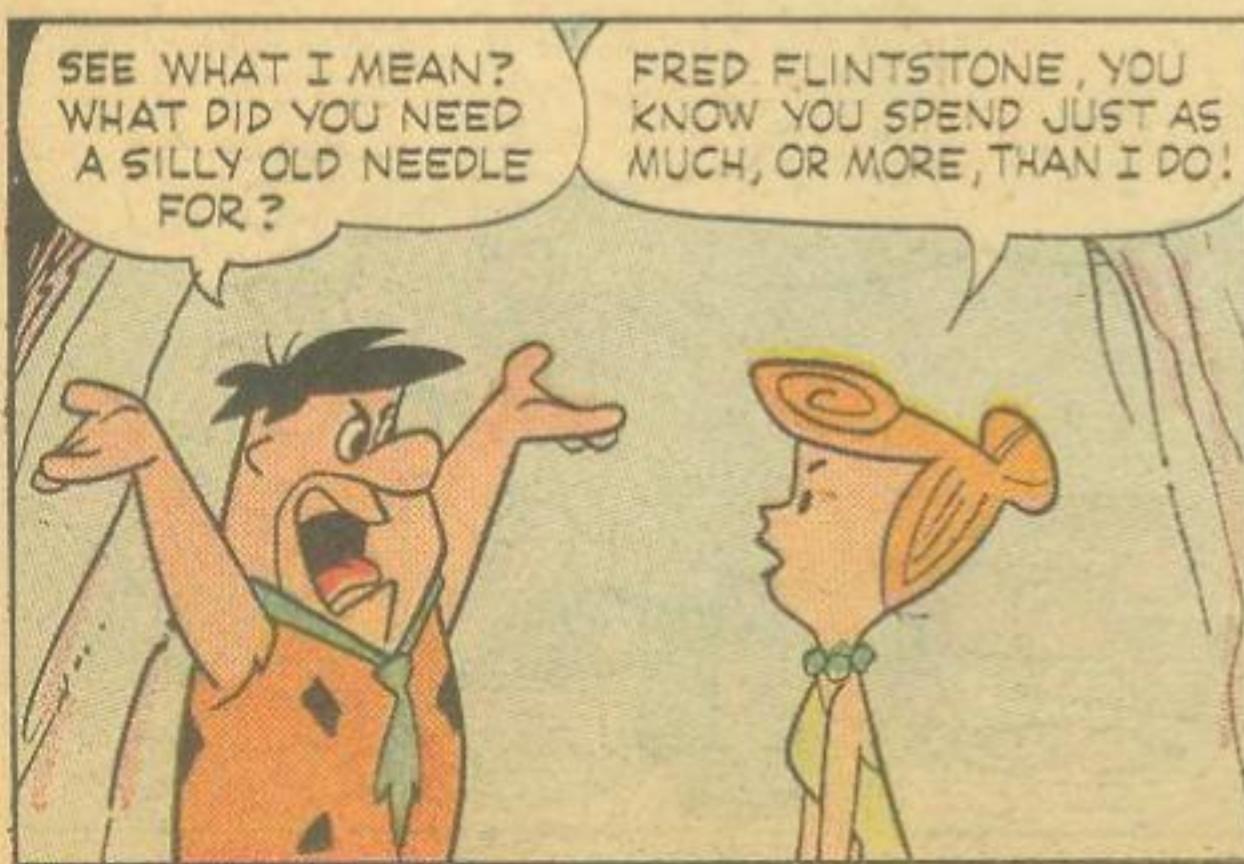
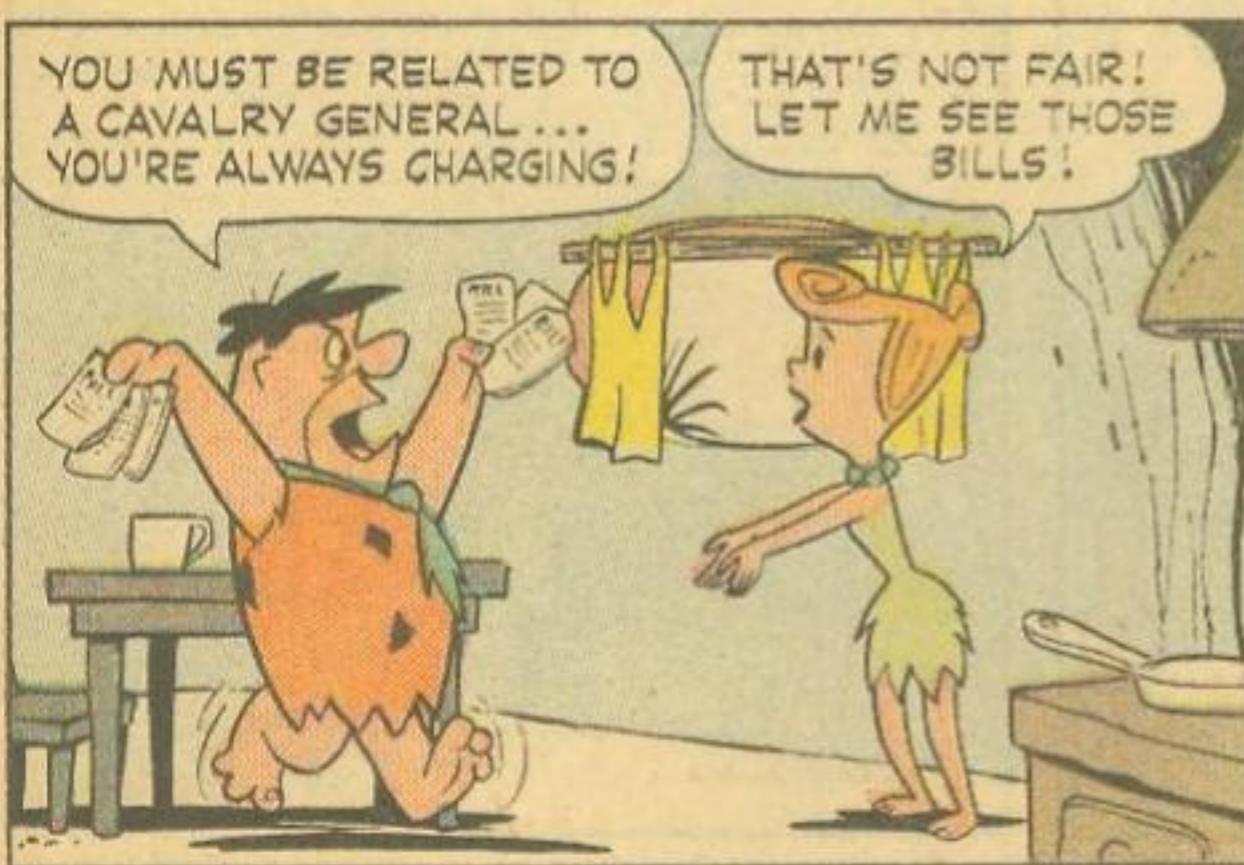
WELL, LAST NIGHT I HEARD LOUD NOISES OUT BY TINY'S HOUSE! I RAN OUTSIDE JUST IN TIME TO SCARE OFF SOMEONE WHO WAS TRYING TO STEAL HIM!

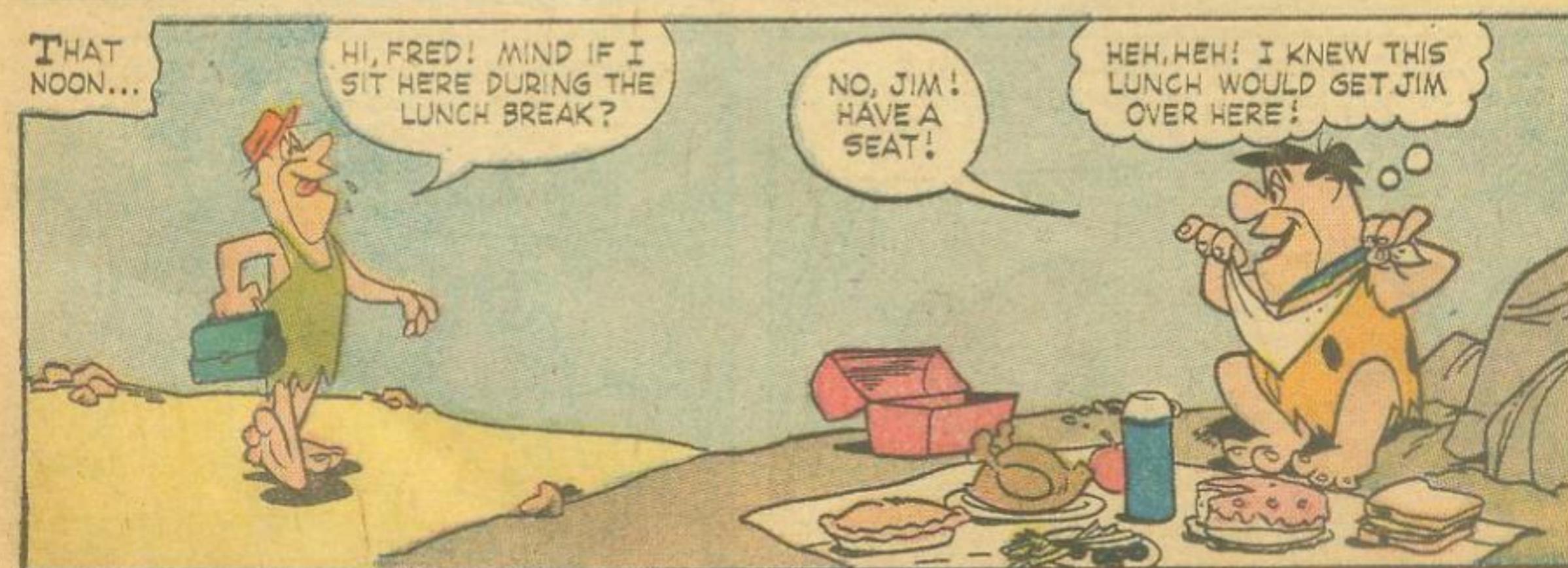


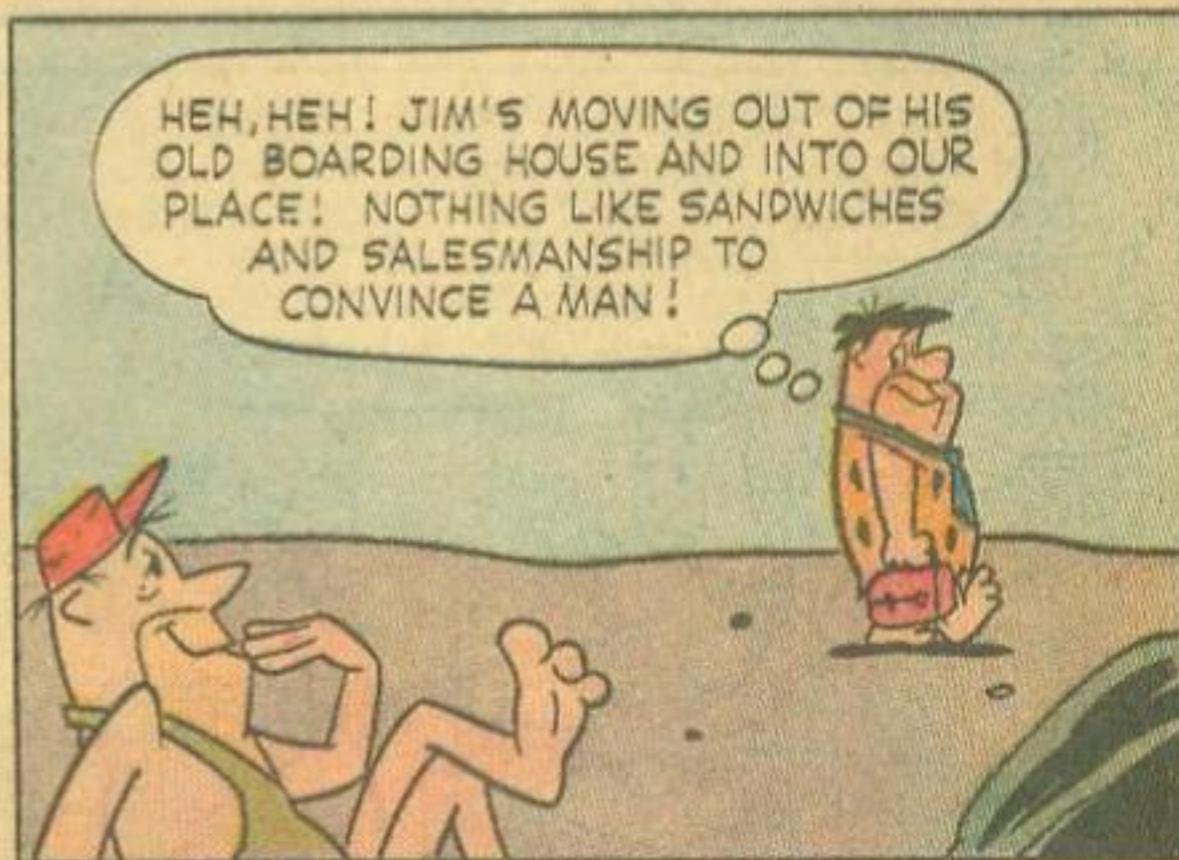
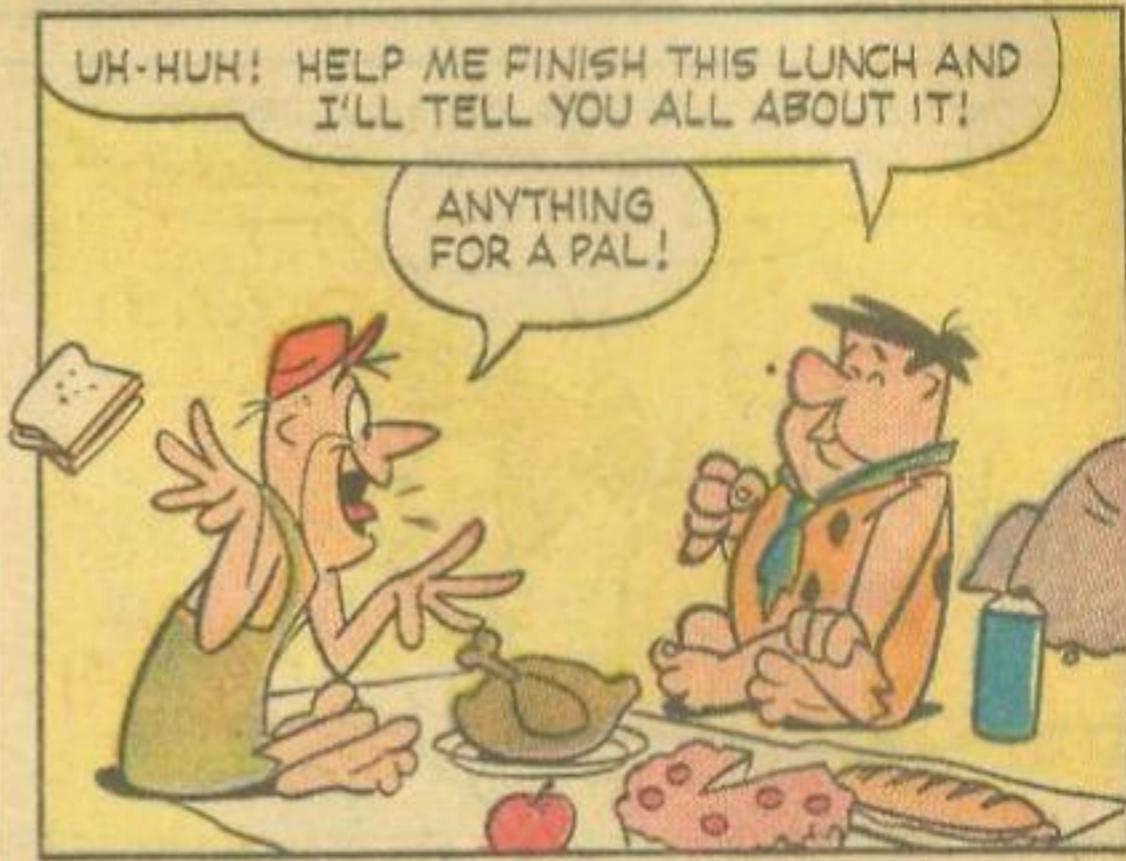
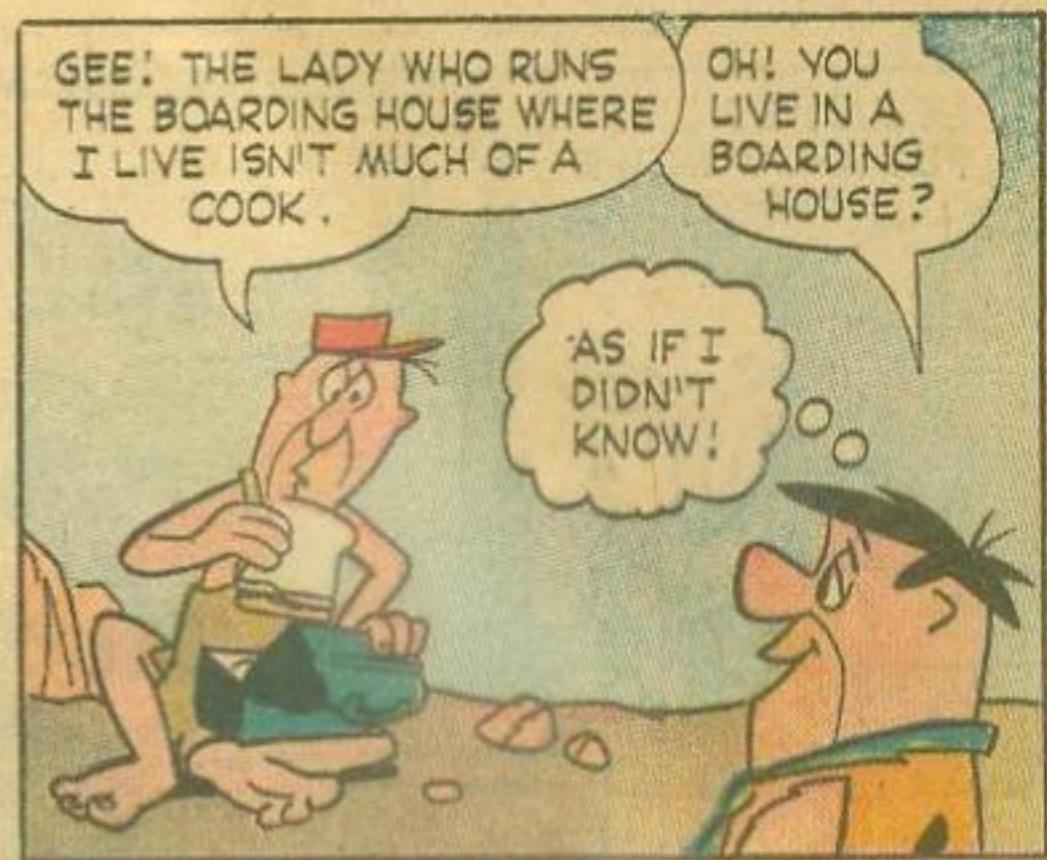




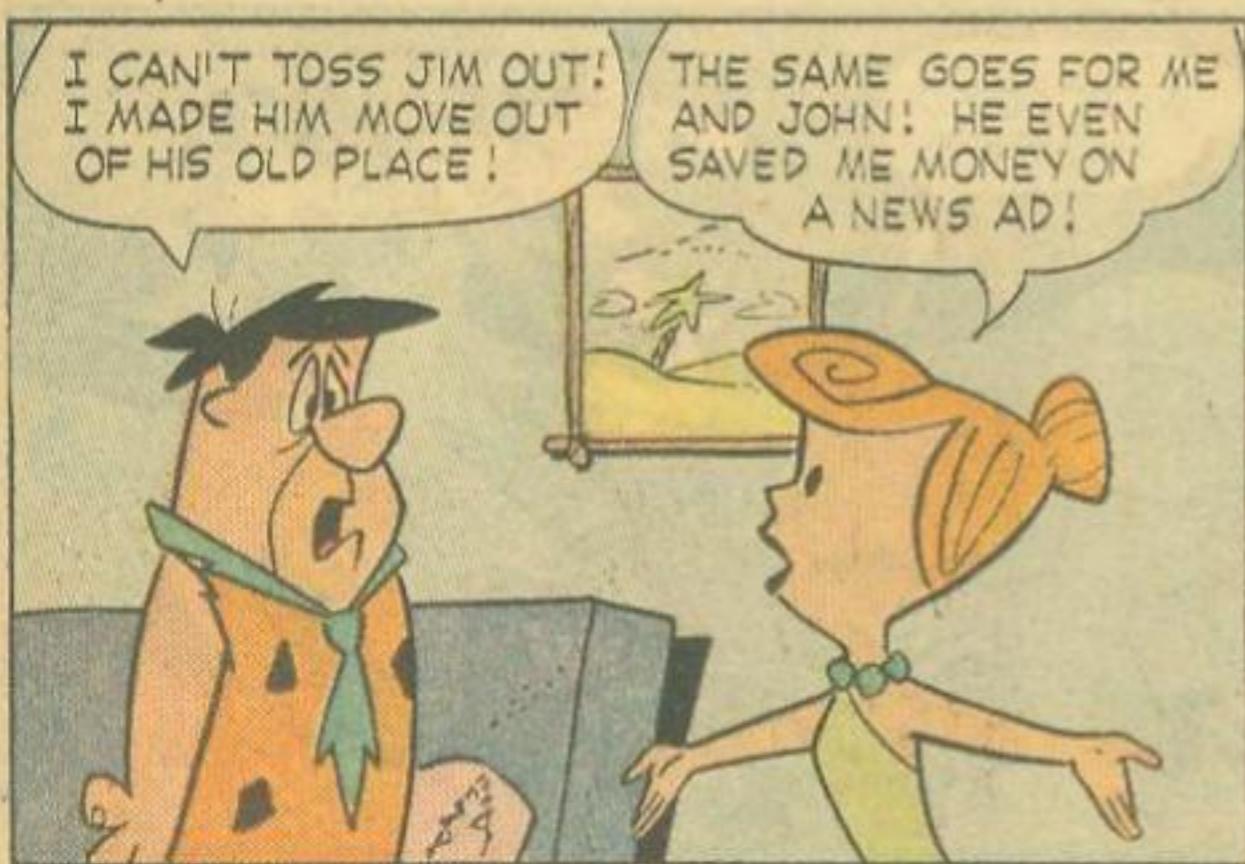
THE FLINTSTONES
The BOARDER BATTLE



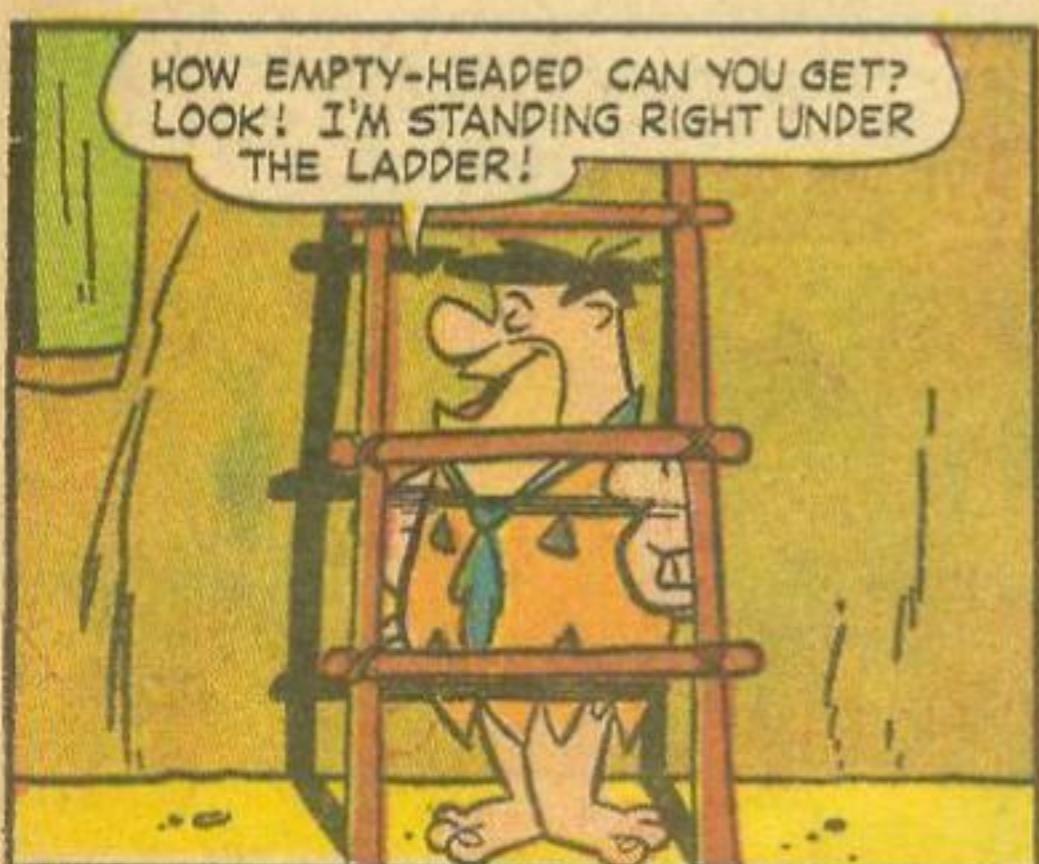


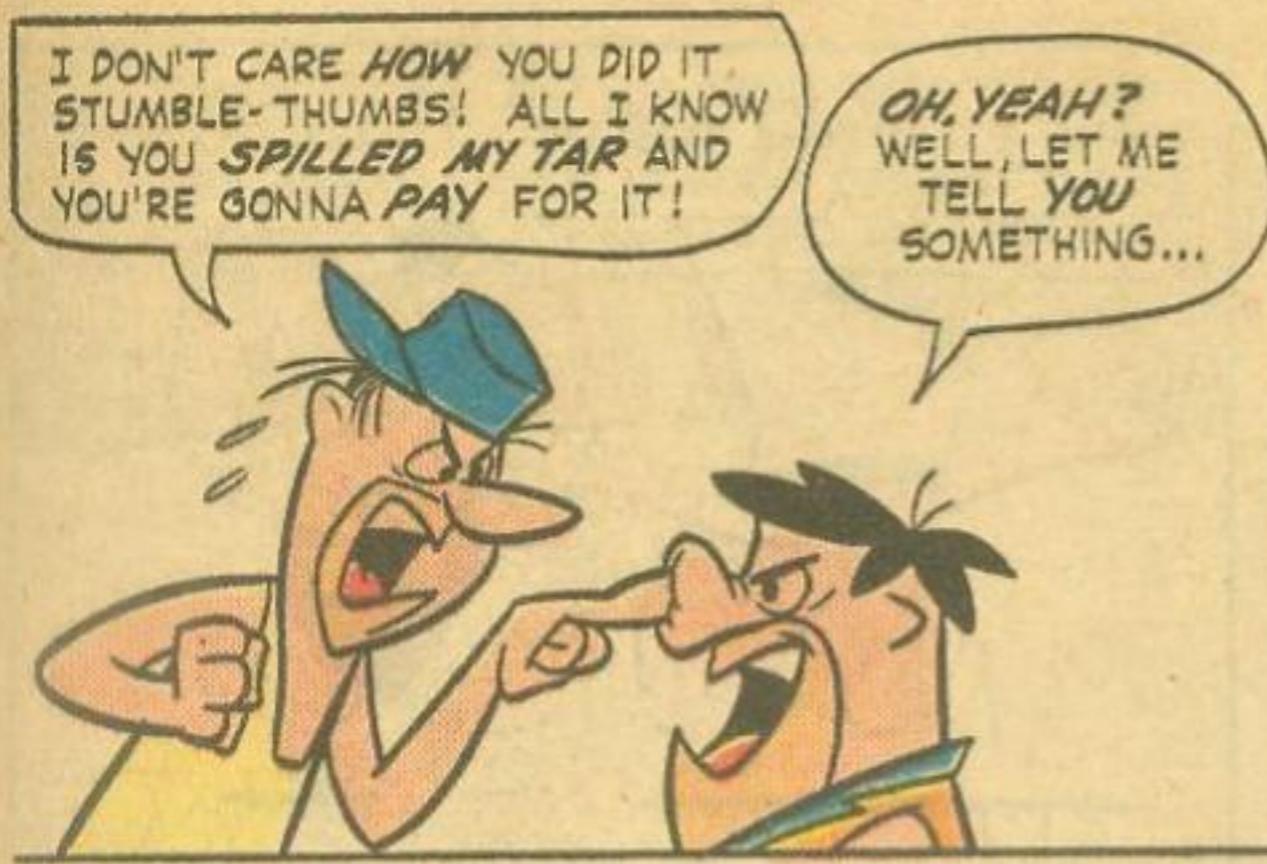


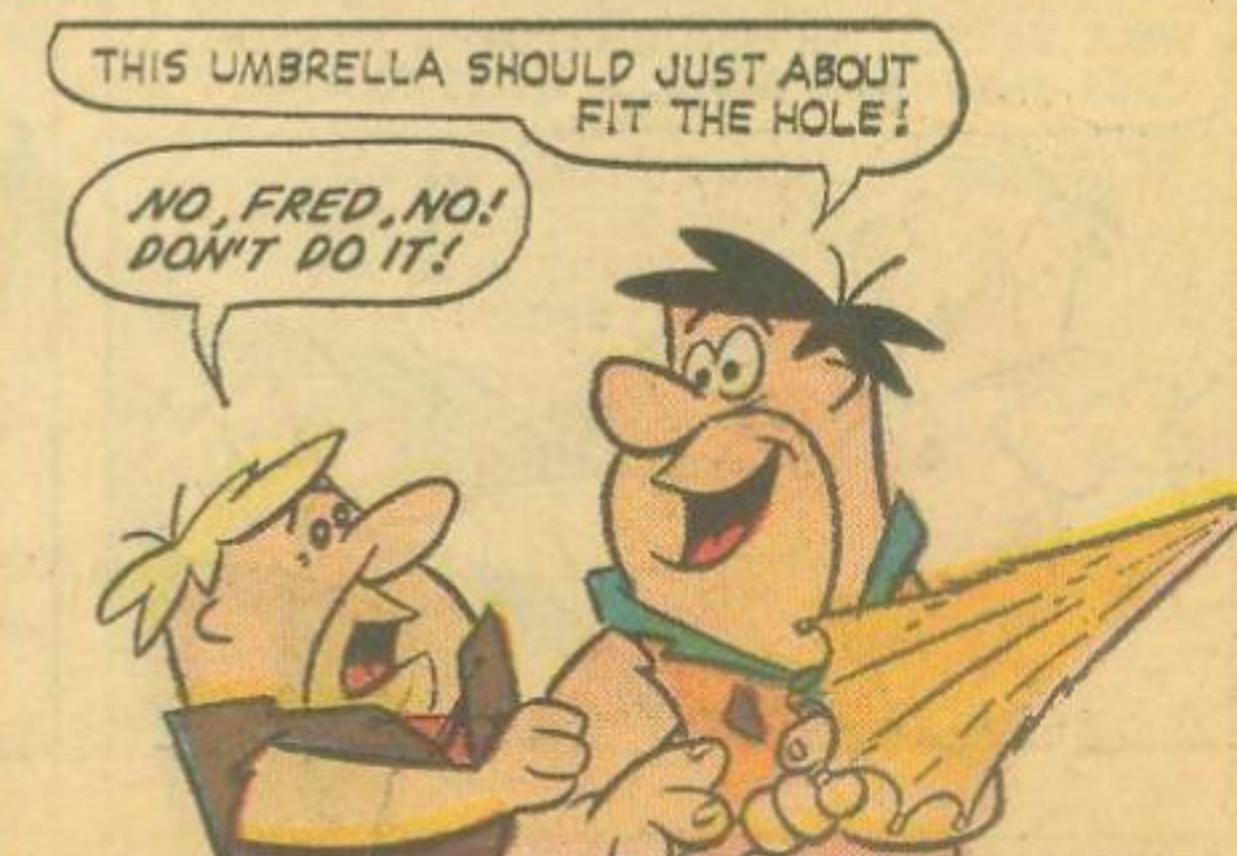
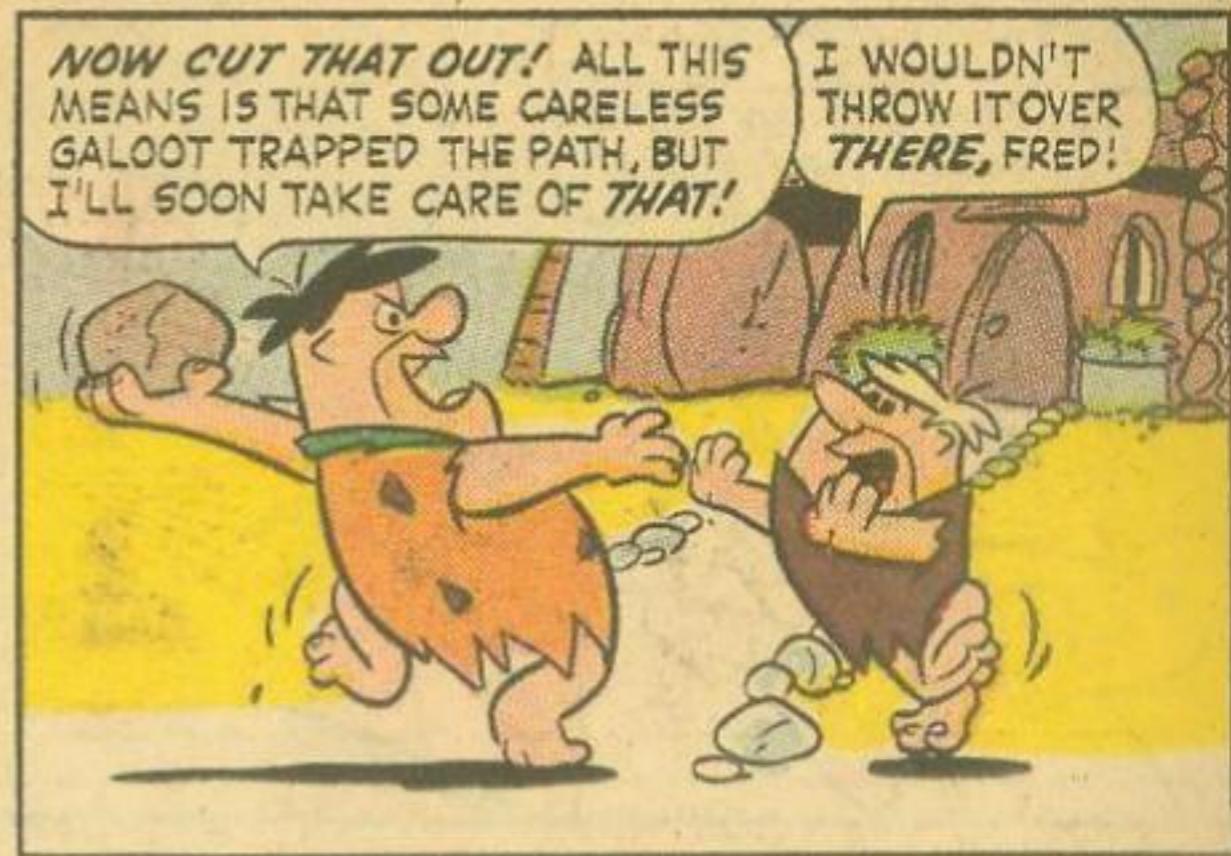


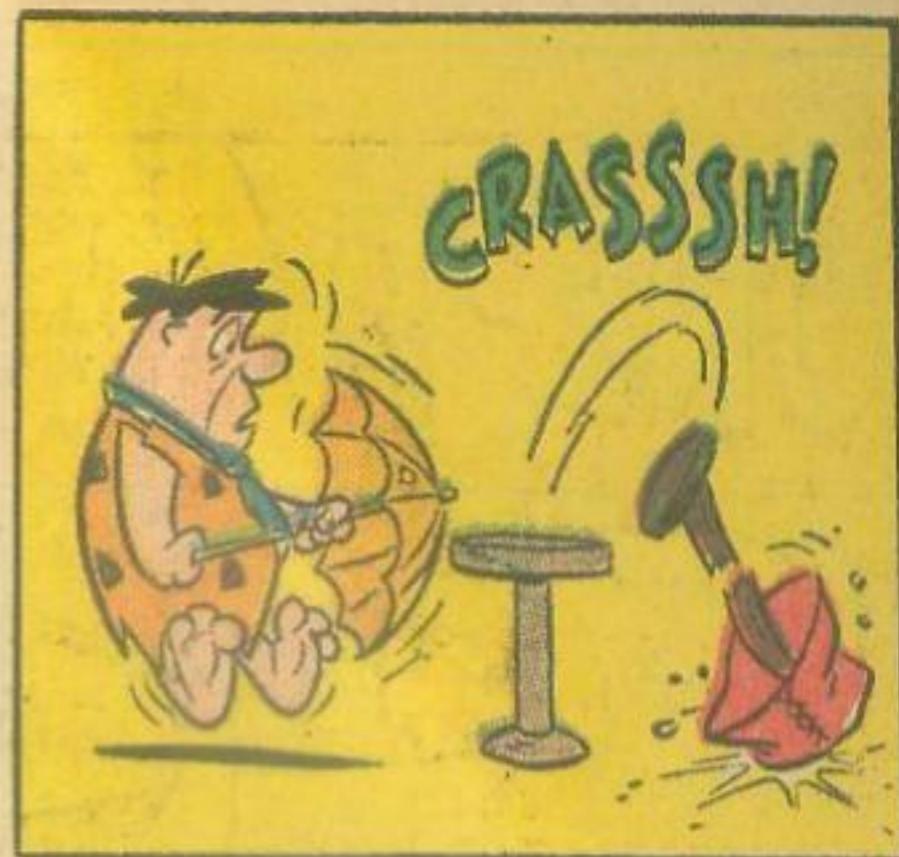


THE FLINTSTONES SILLY SUPERSTITIONS









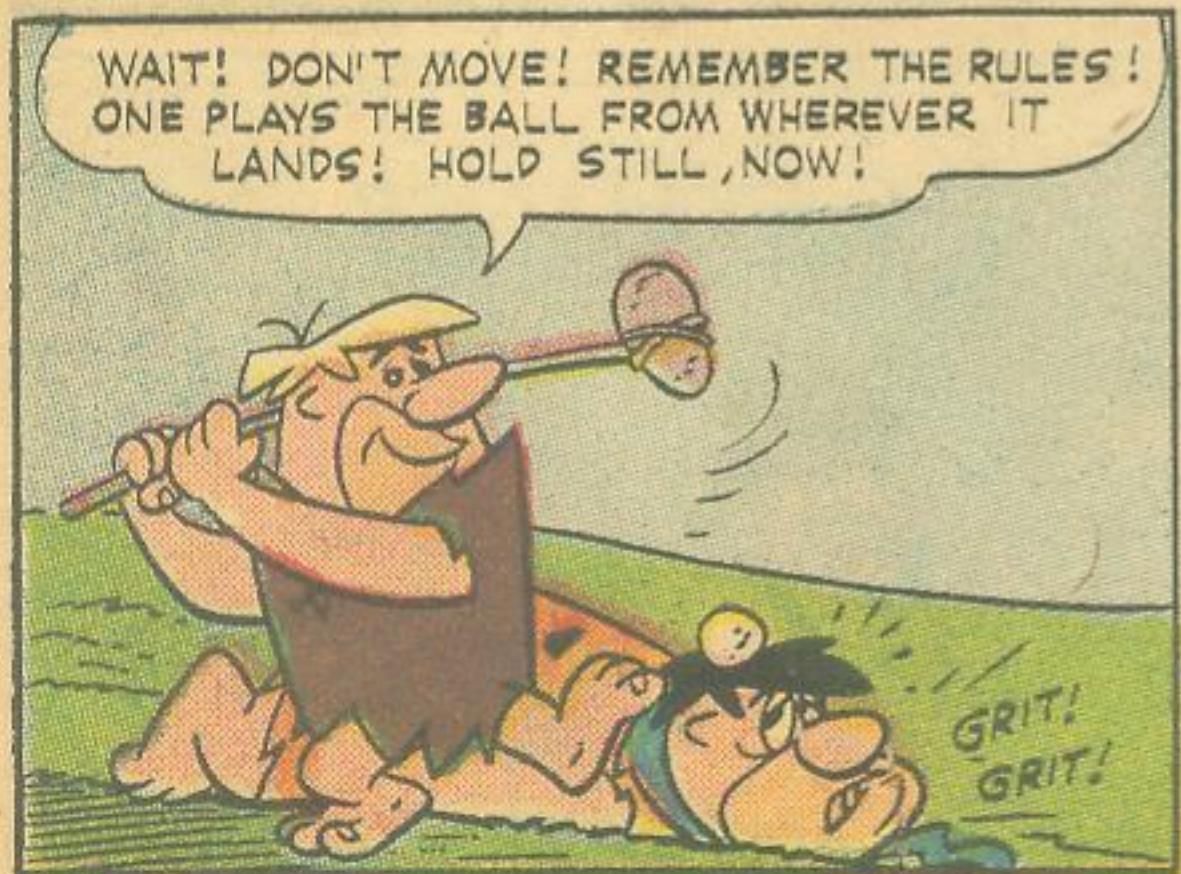
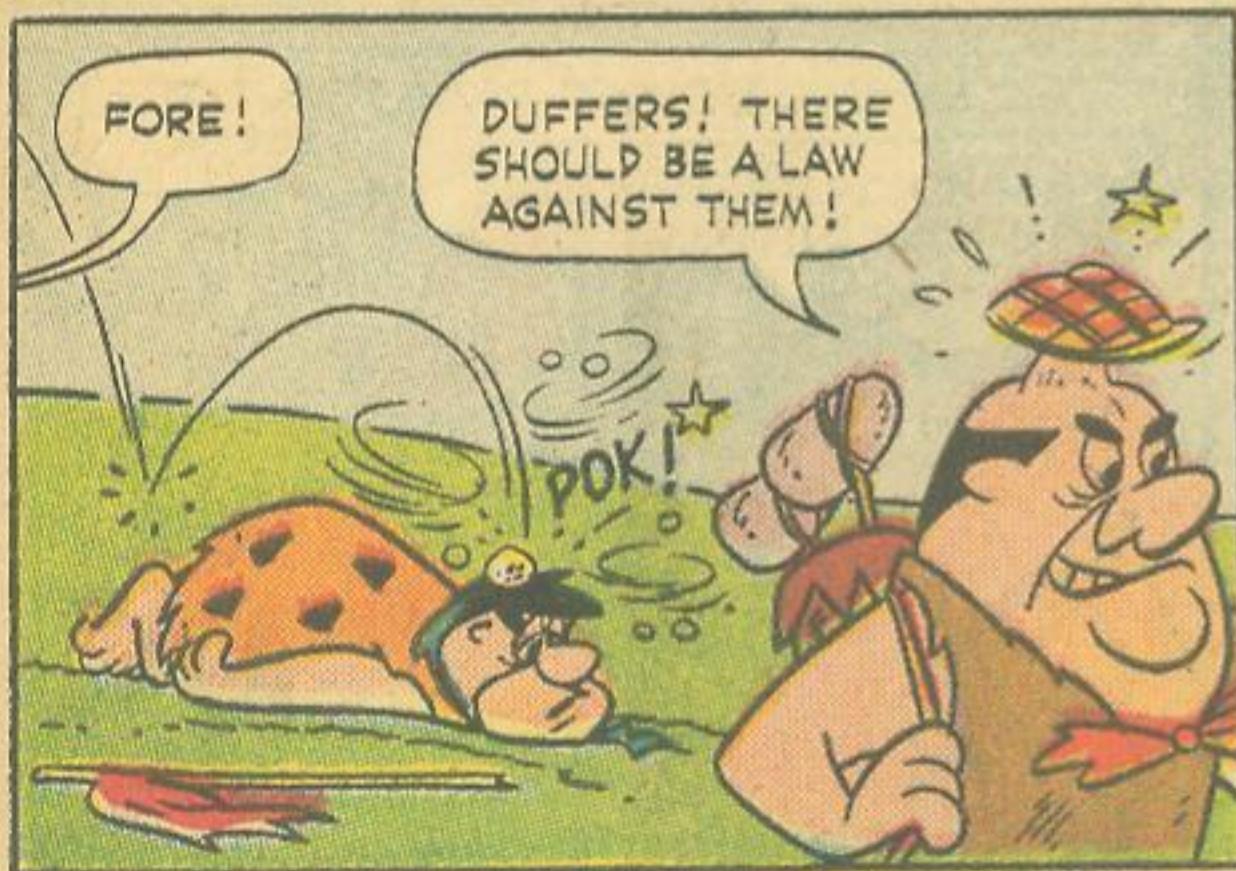
THE FLINTSTONES

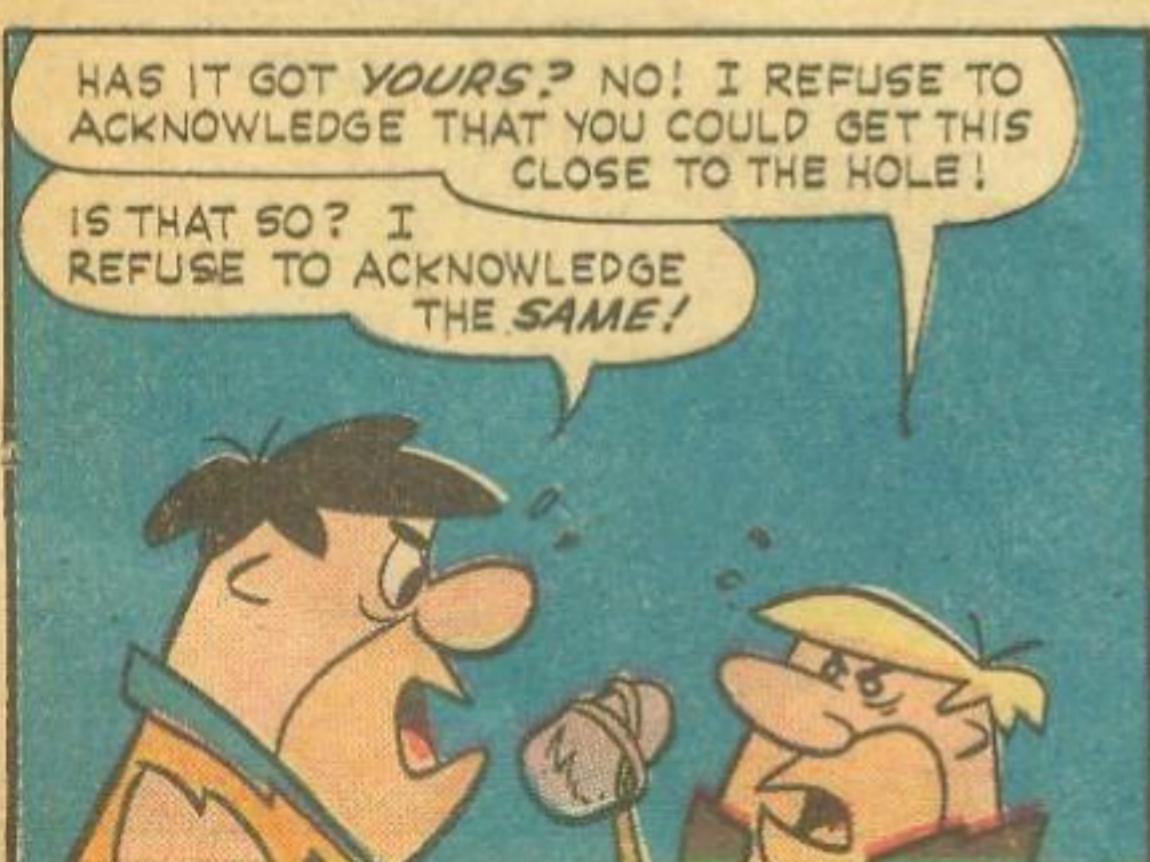
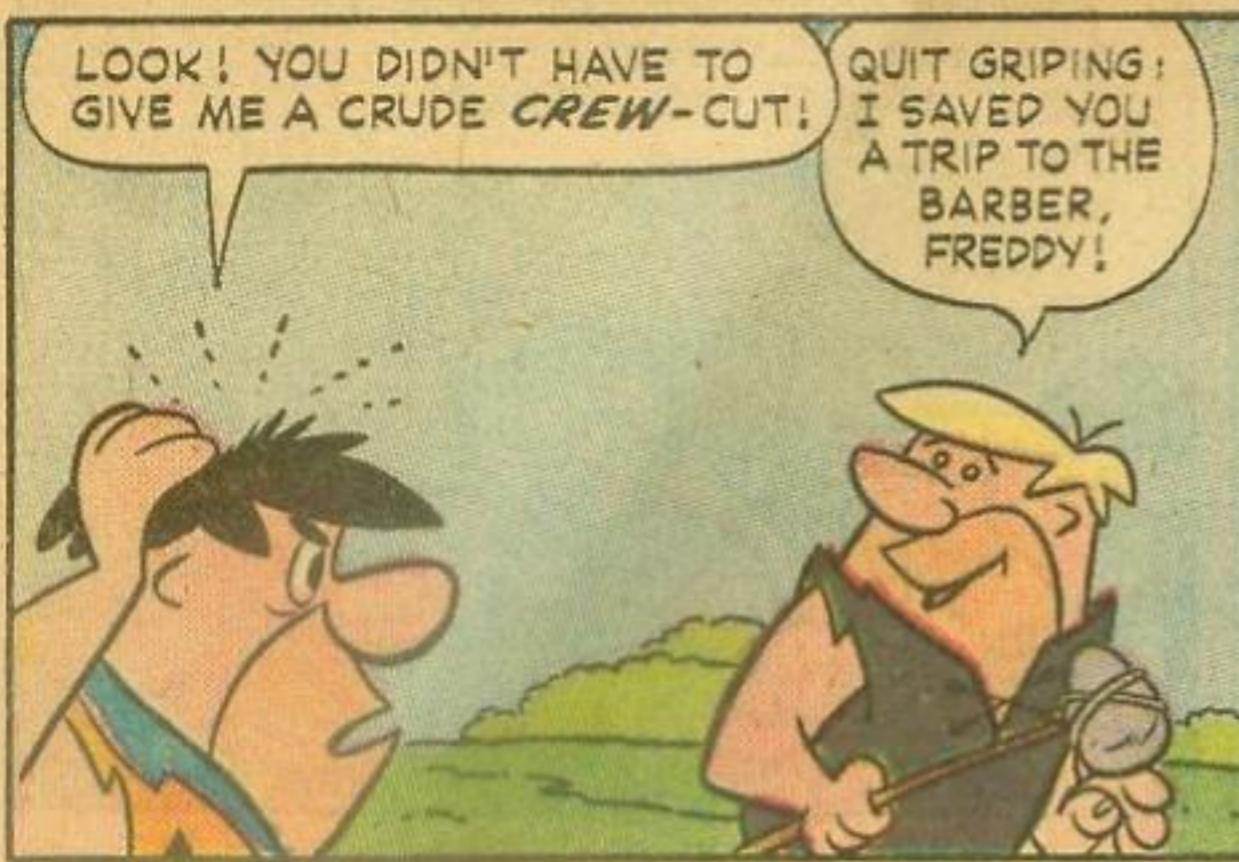
ONE, TWO, THREE, FORE!

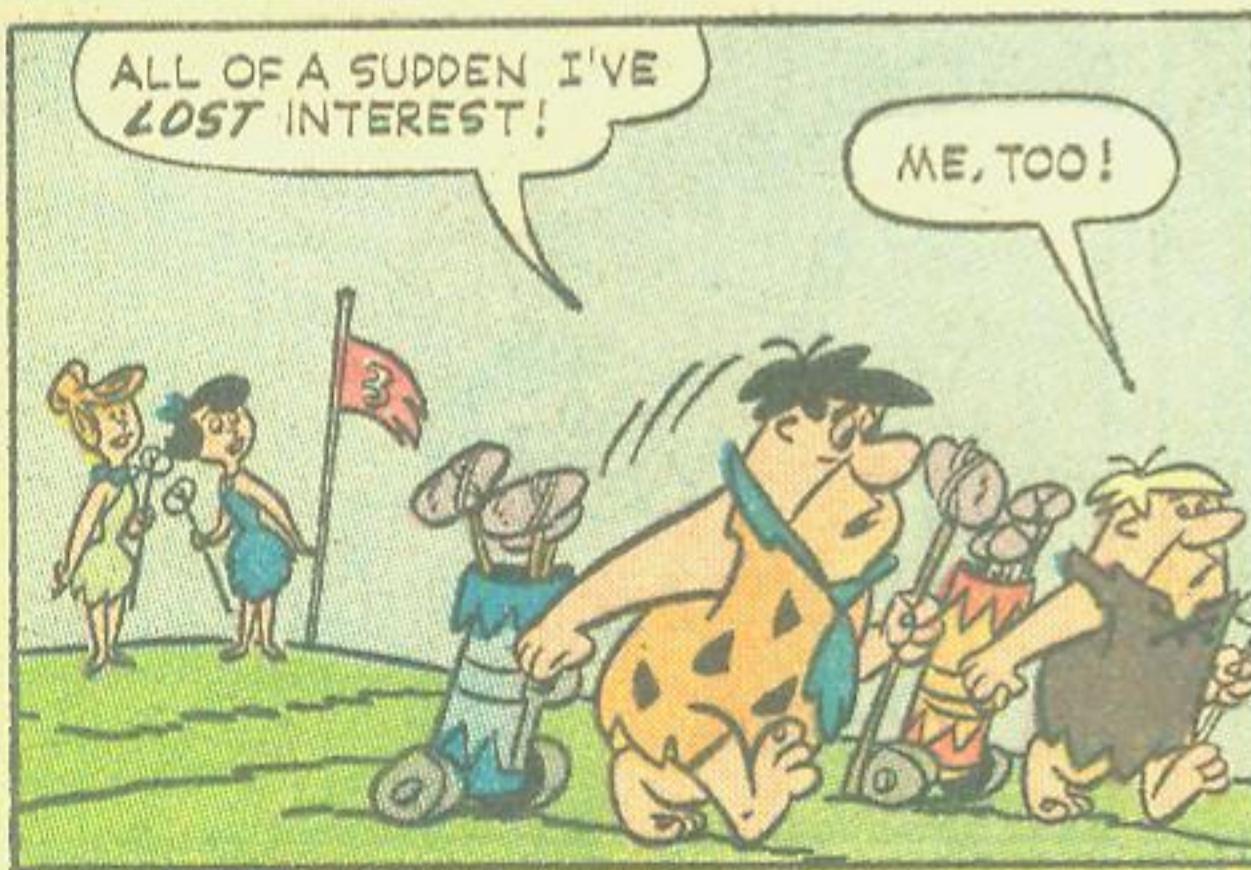
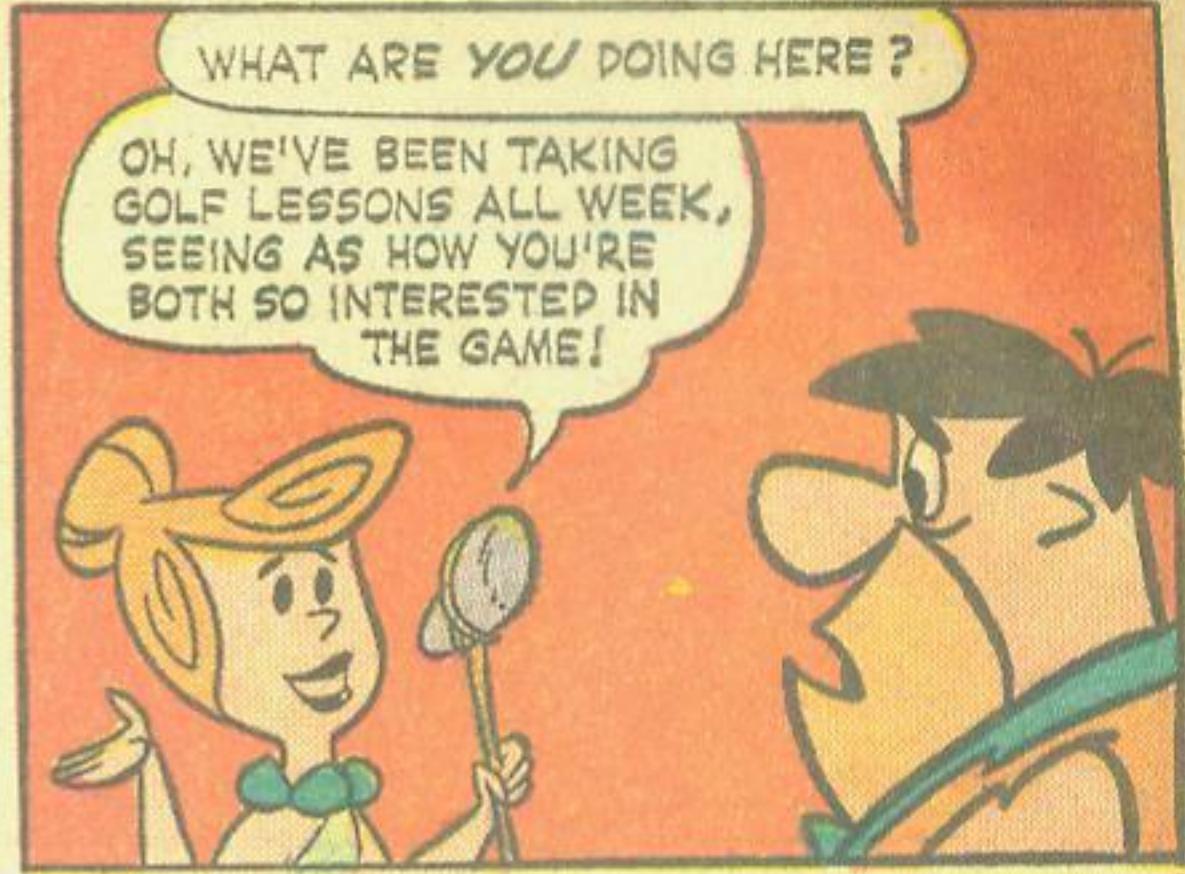










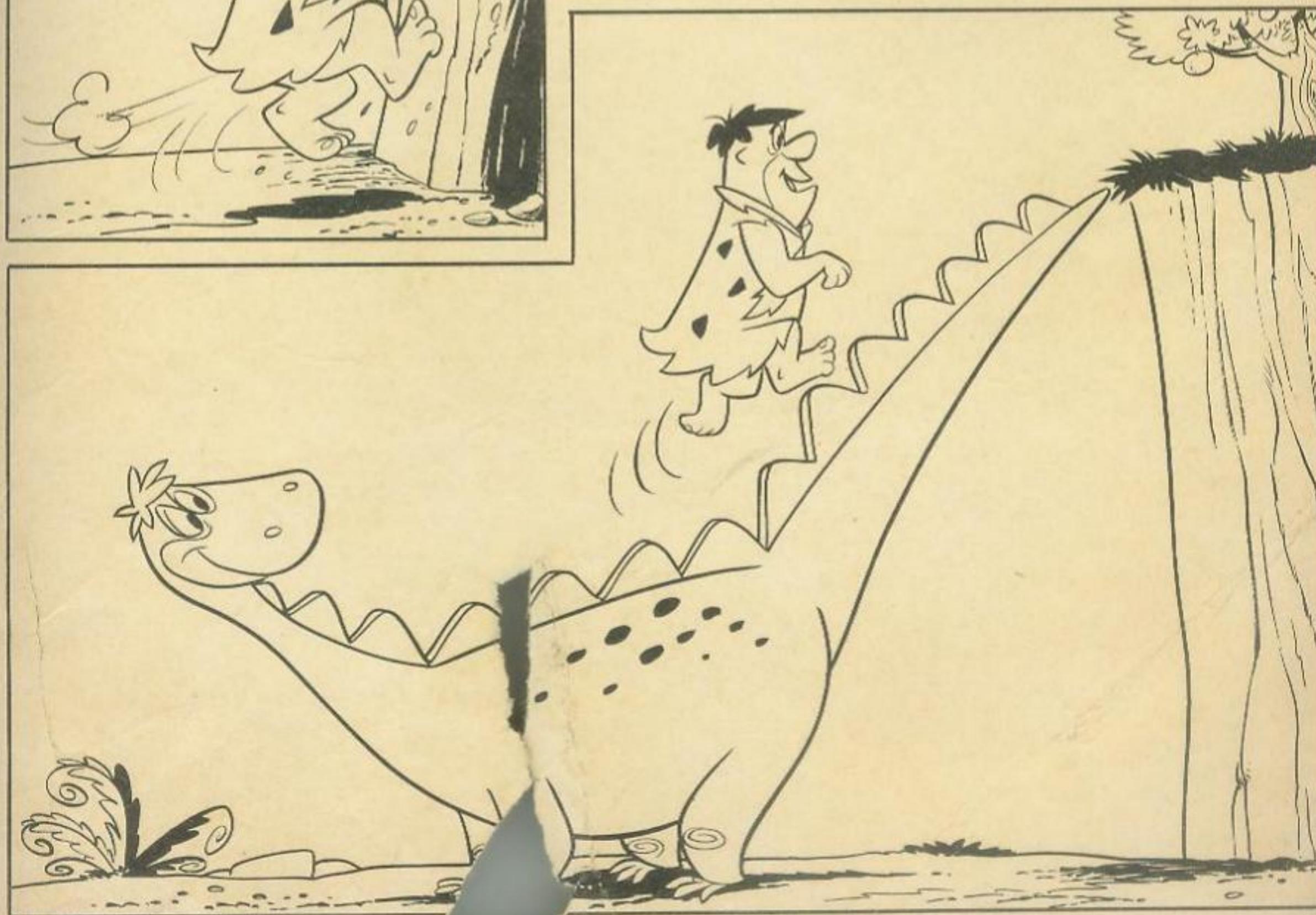
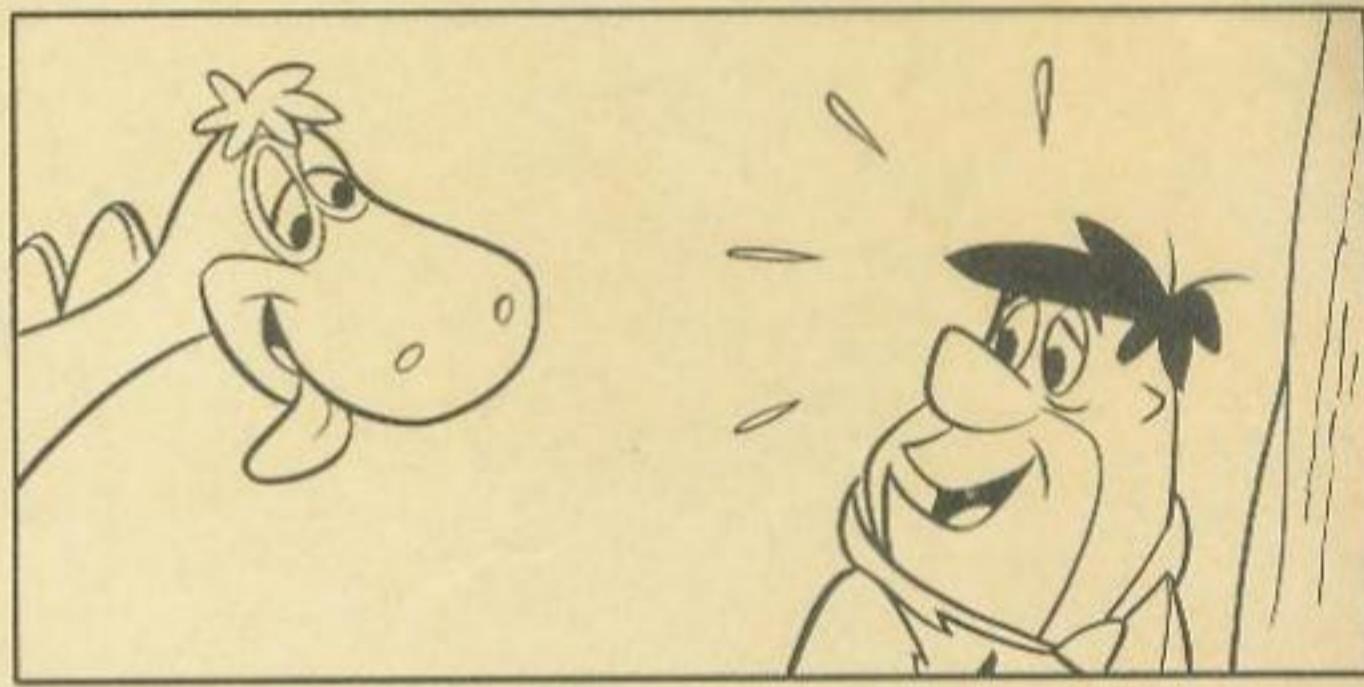


THE FLINTSTONES

TIDYING UP



THE
FLINTSTONES
GOODY GETTER



THE FLINTSTONES

NIGHT WORK

